CREEPY #146

ILLUSTRATED WEIRDNESS

CREEPY®

#146
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OUTRAGEOUS
Human Transformations and Interstellar Genocide

VAMPIRE LUSTS
Blood is a Many Splendored Thing

SACRIFICIAL RITES
For the Young at Heart

THE DUMP MAN
Takes Care of Your Waste Always

SEX & DEATH

CREEPS
Prowl the Streets of New York

RESURRECTION ISSUE

46
D 71486 02555

HI, KIDS!
Heh, heh, heh! I BET YOU LITTLE BASTARDS THOUGHT OLD UNCLE CREEPY WAS DEAD AND BURIED. WELL, YOU'RE RIGHT, BUT YOU CAN'T KEEP A GOOD CORPSE DOWN. I'M BACK WITH A WHOLE NEW BATCH OF BRAIN-ROTTING FILTH TO GIVE YOU TWISTED LITTLE PSYCHOS A WHOLESOME OUTLET FOR YOUR SICK FANTASIES. SO SIT BACK, GET OUT YOUR DROOL CUPS, AND ENJOY!
WILLIAM WRAY '84

CREEPY

No. 146

Stanley R. Harris Publisher Tony Dispoto Editor Richard Corben Cover painting

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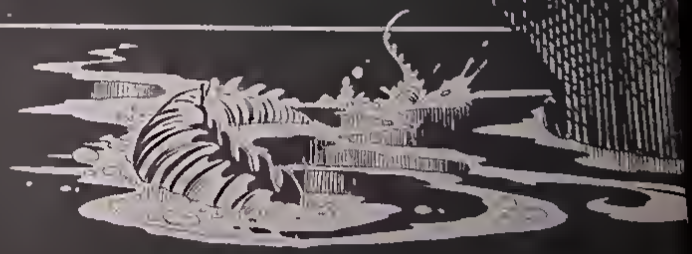

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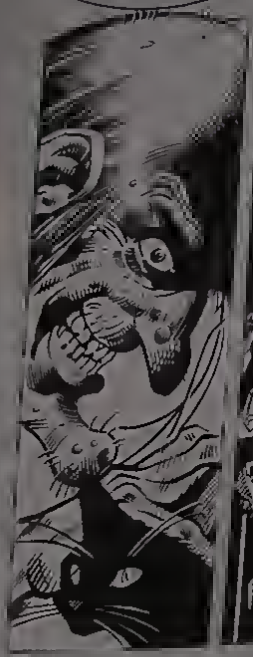
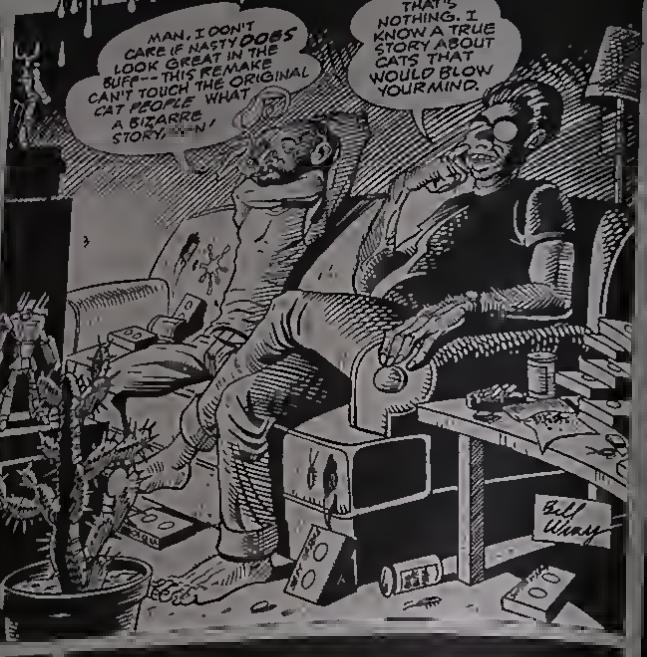
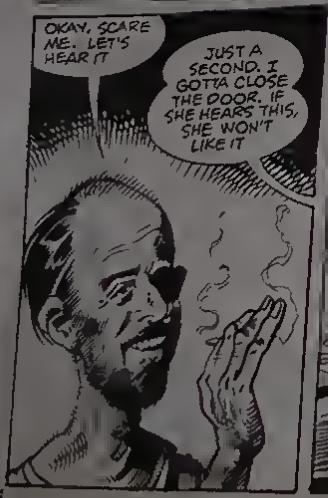
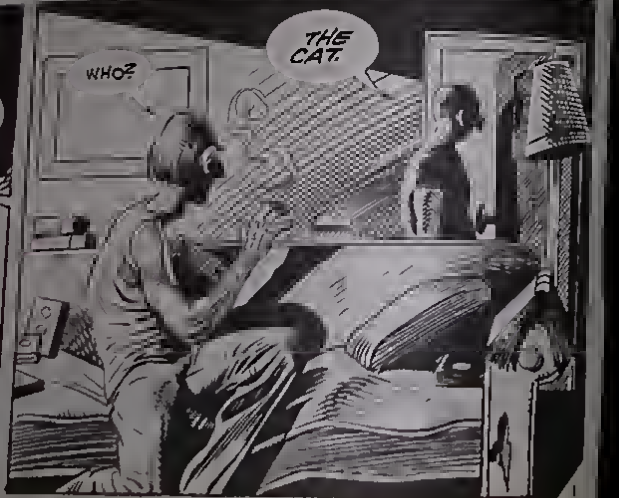
Sex Kitten



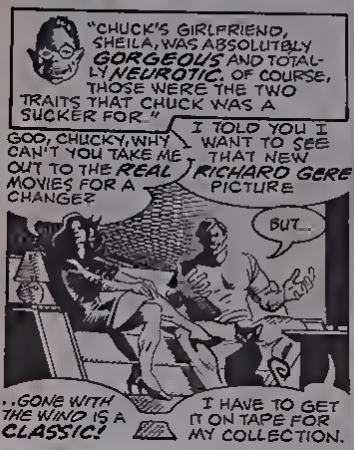

HI, PET LOVERS! OUR FIRST ARTIST HAS SCRATCHED OUT A PURRFECTLY HISSTERICAL TAIL. A FRUSTRATED MAN, A COLD WOMAN, AND A HOT LITTLE...
MAN, I DON'T CARE IF NASTY DOES LOOK GREAT IN THE BUFF-- THIS REMAKE CAN'T TOUCH THE ORIGINAL CAT PEOPLE WHAT A BIZARRE STORY, --N!
THAT'S NOTHING. I KNOW A TRUE STORY ABOUT CATS THAT WOULD BLOW YOUR MIND.
Bill Ulmer


OKAY, SCARE ME. LET'S HEAR IT
JUST A SECOND. I GOTTA CLOSE THE DOOR. IF SHE HEARS THIS, SHE WON'T LIKE IT

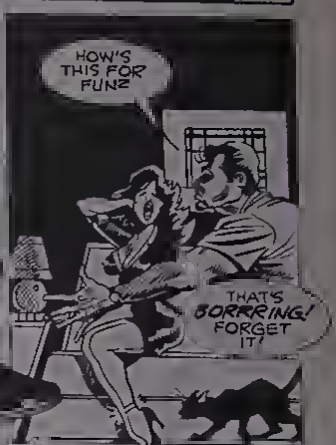

WHO?
THE CAT.

THE CAT? YOU SURE YOU HAD ENOUGH OF THIS?
AMELIA BELONGED TO ANOTHER FRIEND OF MINE, CHUCK. I INHERITED HER, SORT OF. BUT I'M GETTING AHEAD OF MYSELF.

LET'S SEE IT WAS ABOUT SIX MONTHS AGO...


"CHUCK'S GIRLFRIEND, SHEILA, WAS ABSOLUTELY GORGEOUS AND TOTALLY NEUROTIC. OF COURSE, THOSE WERE THE TWO TRAITS THAT CHUCK WAS A SUCKER FOR."
GOD, CHUCKY, WHY CAN'T YOU TAKE ME OUT TO THE REAL MOVIES FOR A CHANGE?
I TOLD YOU I WANT TO SEE THAT NEW RICHARD GERE PICTURE
BUT...
..GONE WITH THE WIND IS A CLASSIC!
I HAVE TO GET IT ON TAPE FOR MY COLLECTION.

IT'S BORRRING! YOU NEVER WANT TO DO ANYTHING FUN
GLINT


HOW'S THIS FOR FUN?
THAT'S BORRRING! FORGET IT!

OWW!
SCRACH!

THAT STUPID CAT!
PUNT!
SHEILA! YOU'LL HURT HER!

HURT HERE WHAT ABOUT ME? YOU CARE MORE FOR THAT STUPID FUR-BALL THAN ME. GOOD-BYE FOR GOOD, CHUCK-O!

HISSSS

SLAM!

SHEILA!

AMELIA, HONEY, YOU LOVE ME, DON'T YOU? YOU'LL NEVER RUN AWAY FROM ME, WILL YOU, SWEETIE?

"CHUCK WAS A LITTLE WEIRD ABOUT THE CAT-- I ALWAYS KNEW THAT-- BUT I NEVER KNEW HOW WEIRD UNTIL HE CALLED ME THAT WEEK."

KISS!

LET'S GO TO BED, I'VE HAD IT.

"OCCULT BOOKSTORES?" YOU'RE KIDDING! WHY THE SUDDEN INTEREST IN THIS MYSTIC STUFF?

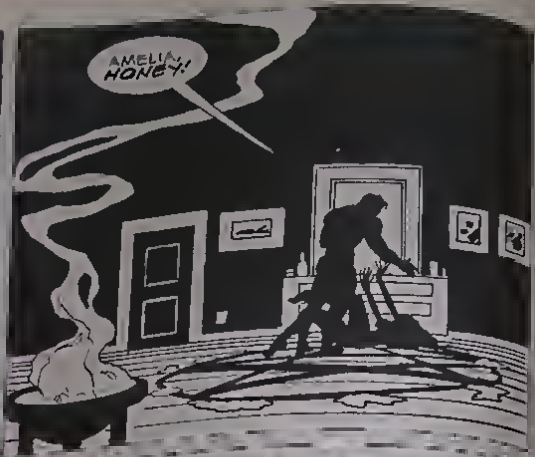
OH, I'M JUST LOOKING FOR SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR SHEILA.

"HE HIT EVERY OCCULT BOOK STORE IN THE CITY. HE SOAKED UP EVERY BOOK ON THE SUBJECT. FEVERISHLY READING THROUGH THE DEMONIC VOLUMES, CHUCK FORMED HIS PLAN.

PRETTY SOON NOW, AMELIA, HONEY. I JUST NEED TO GET HER OVER HERE. THAT SHOULDN'T BE TOO HARD.

I HAVE A PRESENT FOR YOU, SHEILA, HONEY. I KNOW YOU'LL LOVE IT. TONIGHT'S SOUNDS GREAT I'LL BE WAITING...
"SO, LATE THAT NIGHT SHEILA ARRIVED SHE EXPECTED A BIG SURPRISE -- AND THAT'S JUST WHAT SHE GOT!"
OKAY, CHUCKIE, NOW WHERE'S MY PRESENT?
RIGHT IN THE BEDROOM, SHEILA, HONEY
OH, CHUCK, YOU'LL NEVER CHANGE!
WHAT THE HELL KIND OF GRODY--
YOW!
BONK!
"WELL, THAT NIGHT, WITH A CHORUS OF THUNDER, HE PERFORMED SORT OF A SPIRIT-MERGING RITUAL"
THUNDER!
AMELIA?

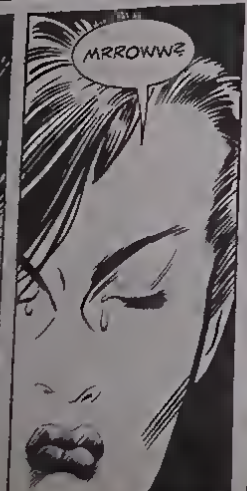
MRROOWW.


AMELIA, HONEY!

"I DIDN'T HEAR FROM CHUCK FOR WEEKS. HIS NEW PET WAS KEEPING HIM BUSY."
MRRR-OOOWW!
AMELIA! I'VE GOT TO GO TO WORK. WE'VE BEEN UP FOR FIVE NIGHTS NOW. I GOTTA SLEEP, TOO, YOU KNOW.

"CHUCK HAD SOME TROUBLE ADJUSTING TO HER TABLE MANNERS."
SLURP!
GURGLE!
GRUNT!

MY GOD, AMELIA, HOW CAN YOU EAT THAT WAY? YOU'RE LIKE AN ANIMAL!


MRROWW?

OKAY, I'M SORRY. YOU'RE A WOMAN, YOU REALLY ARE.
SCRACH!
SCRACH!
PURRRR
MEOW CHOW

"AND HER BATHROOM HABITS..."

WHY CAN'T YOU USE THE TOILET LIKE I SHOWED YOU?

KITTY'S BOX

HEY! CUT THAT OUT!

SKIP!

KITTY'S BOX

"MY CURIOSITY FINALLY GOT THE BEST OF ME. ONE DAY I PAID A VISIT TO CHUCK'S PLACE."

CHUCK? COME ON. LET ME IN. WHAT'S THE BIG SECRET?

KNOCK! KNOCK!

OH... SHEILA... EXCUSE ME. ISN'T CHUCK HERE? I'VE BEEN CALLING FOR WEEKS--

SHEILA, WHAT'S GOTTEN INTO YOU? MAYBE WE BETTER GO INSIDE.

PURRRR!

SNAP!

"I WAS ABOUT TO FIND OUT WHAT HAD BEEN KEEPING CHUCK SO TIED UP, WHEN...

CURT? AMELIA!

OH--UH, HI, CHUCK... I-- WE--

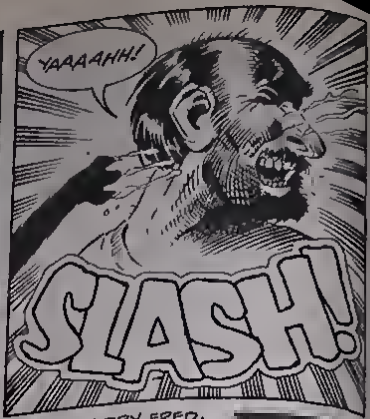
"SO HE TOLD ME THE WHOLE STORY. HE WAS MISERABLE, AND HE LOOKED HALF DEAD."

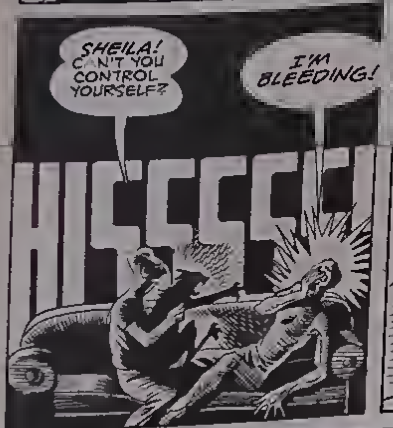
SHE'S EATING HER WEIGHT IN CATFOOD EVERY WEEK. I NEVER GET ANY SLEEP ANYMORE. *LOOK AT ME! SHE* SLEEPS ALL DAY BUT THE WORST PART--WHO DO YOU THINK HAS TO CLEAN HER *CAT BOX?*

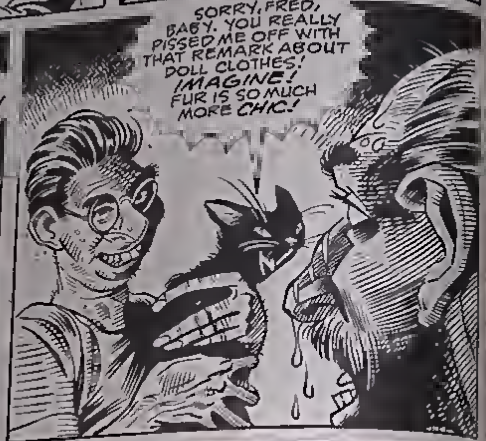
"OVER THE NEXT FEW WEEKS I WAS A FREQUENT VISITOR TO CHUCK'S. I HAD NEVER REALLY LIKED SHEILA BEFORE, BUT NOW SHE WAS A REAL BLAST. AND AT LEAST I DIDN'T HAVE TO CLEAN UP AFTER HER. BUT FINALLY, ONE DAY, CHUCK BLEW HIS TOP"
HEY, CHUCK!
WAM!
POUND!
I TOLD YOU TO STAY AWAY FROM THOSE!
WACK!
MRRRR. OOOWW!
SPIT!
HISSS!
LOOK WHAT SHE DID TO MY FILM LIBRARY! THE MONSTER!
OH, FINE. NOW SHE USES THE BATHROOM.
SLAM!
CURT, I CAN'T TAKE ANY MORE. I WANT MY OLD AMELIA BACK. THIS ONE IS TOO MUCH SHEILA.
I'M GOING TO FIX IT. I KNOW HOW.
YOU CAN'T KILL HER, CHUCK. SHE IS A HUMAN-- I THINK. IT'D BE MURDER.
OH, I WON'T KILL HER. I WON'T HAVE TO. BUT YOU'D BETTER START LOOKING FOR ANOTHER PET TO PLAY WITH, CURT!
"THAT VERY NIGHT HE TRIED HIS SPIRIT MERGING RITUAL AGAIN."

"THE NEXT DAY, CHUCK WOULDN'T ANSWER HIS PHONE, SO I WENT OVER TO CHECK THINGS OUT."
MY EYES!
CRASH!
SPLAT
JESUS CHRIST!
"MIRACULOUSLY SHEILA HAD SURVIVED THE FALL AND WAS SURPRISINGLY CALM."
MEEYOW?
HEY, CHUCK? ARE YOU OKAY?
AMELIA
SO, YOU DECIDED TO BRING THE CAT HOME, IS THAT IT? YOU FEEDING HER DEAD BODIES? "LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS," RIGHT?
NO, SHE PREFERS STEAK, ACTUALLY. WON'T TOUCH CAT FOOD.
AND I SUPPOSE NOW SHE SPEAKS ENGLISH AND WEARS DOLL CLOTHES. COME ON, CURT.
...I THINK YOU'RE STONED OUT OF YOUR MIND.
WELL...

HERE'S THE LITTLE SEX KITTEN HERSELF!
MMEOWR!


YAAAAHH!
SLASH!


SHEILA! C'N'T YOU CONTROL YOURSELF?
I'M BLEEDING!
HISSSSS!


SORRY, FRED, BABY. YOU REALLY PISSED ME OFF WITH THAT REMARK ABOUT DOLL CLOTHES! IMAGINE! FUR IS SO MUCH MORE CHIC!

HOLD IT RIGHT THERE.
MERRRRZ
RIP

OH...HI THERE! JUST KITTEN AROUND, HEH, HEH. WOULDN'T WANT TO OFFEND ANY OF YOU PET LOVERS OUT THERE. THAT WOULD BE A REAL CATASTROPHE!
ZIP!

FOR A WHILE EACH MORNING IT WAS TOO HARD FOR LESTER FINCH TO FORGET THE *FEAR*, FINISHING HIS OATMEAL, A LAST PIECE OF CINNAMON TOAST, A SECOND CUP OF TEA WITH HIS MOTHER. HE COULD STILL HIDE IN THE COMFORT, THE SECURITY OF A RITUAL WHICH WENT BACK TO GRADE SCHOOL DAYS.

SHALL I HEAT IT *UP A BIT* DEAR? THERE'S TIME

NO, NO, MOTHER IT LOOKS JUST *RIGHT* AS ALWAYS...

BUT INEVITABLY *IT IS* WOULD ARRIVE. LESTER'S MOTHER WOULD DUST HIS HAT, HAND IT TO HIM WITH HIS BRIEFCASE, AND WALK HIM TO THE DOOR OF THE WASHINGTON HEIGHTS APARTMENT THEY HAD SHARED FOR *THIRTY-FOUR* OF HIS *THIRTY-SIX* YEARS.

YOU *WILL* PHONE WHEN YOU REACH WORK, DEAR? YOU *KNOW* HOW I WORRY.

OF COURSE MOTHER

BEYOND THE APARTMENT WAS THE STREET AND ON THE STREET THE *FEAR* WOULD BREAK THROUGH, MOUNTING WITH EACH STEP OF HIS THREE-MINUTE WALK AND LITTER AND STEADY URBAN-DECAY TO THE *STAIRS* OF THE EIGHTH AVENUE SUBWAY...

...WHERE THE FEAR WAS AT ITS *WORST*.

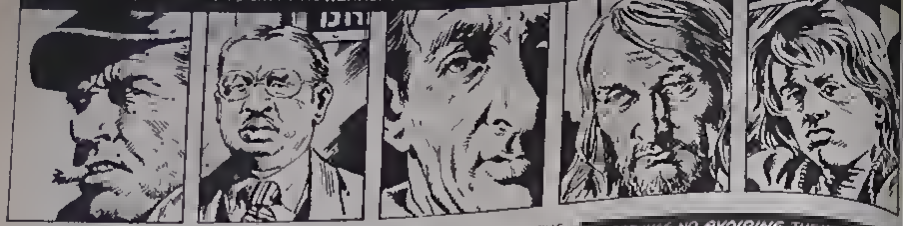
FOR DOWN *THERE*, IN THE CONCRETE AND TILE GLOOM OF THE PLATFORMS, ABOARD THE FILTHY TRAINS THAT SHRIEKED AND SHIVERED LIKE WOUNDED ANGRY PREHISTORIC BEASTS, *THEY WAITED* FOR LESTER FINCH.

MUGGERS, ADDICTS, BEGGARS, WINOS, DEGENERATES, PERVERTS, AN ENDLESS *MOB* OF...

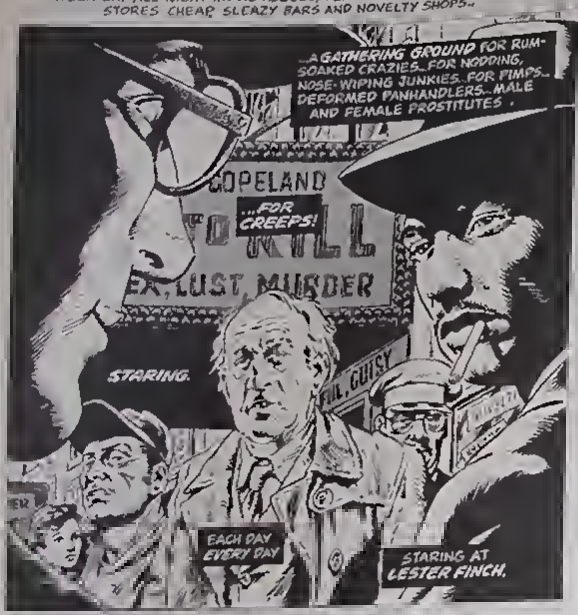
CREEPS

STORY: ARCHIE GOODWIN / ART: JOHN SEVERIN AND WALLY WOOD

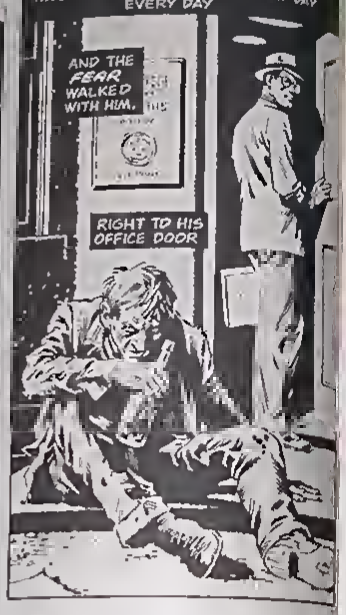
CREEPS! LESTER COULD FEEL THEIR HATRED! READ IT IN RHEUMY BLOOD SHOT EYES THAT STUDIED HIS MANICURED FINGERS, HIS FRESH-PRESSED SUIT IN RESENTMENT. CREEPS! THE AURA OF MENACE AND HOSTILITY HUNG OVER THEM. SCABBED FLESH, THEIR GREASY MATTED HAIR AS THE TRAIN'S RYTHM JOSTLED THEM CLOSER TO HIM. CREEPS! FOUL BREATHED, UNWASHED ALWAYS CROWDING NEARER, THREATENING TO STAIN, TO CONTAMINATE HIM.



LEAVING THE SUBWAY AT 42nd STREET BROUGHT NO RELIEF. THE ACCOUNTING FIRM WHERE LESTER WORKED WAS TWO BLOCKS AWAY ON SIXTH AVENUE. IN BETWEEN LAY ALL-NIGHT MOVIE HOUSES, PENNY ARCADES, PORNO-BOOK STORES, CHEAP, SLEAZY BARS AND NOVELTY SHOPS...



THERE WAS NO AVOIDING THEM, OR EVEN RUNNING PAST. HE MIGHT BUMP THEM, TOUCH THEM. LESTER COULD ONLY WALK THOSE TWO LONG BLOCKS, EVERY DAY, EVERY DAY.



BUT BY TEN, WHEN LESTER COULD FINALLY LEAVE, IT HARDLY SEEMED ALL RIGHT.
PARTICULARLY NOT WHEN...
NO U TURN
HEY PAL, WANNA TALK T'YA!

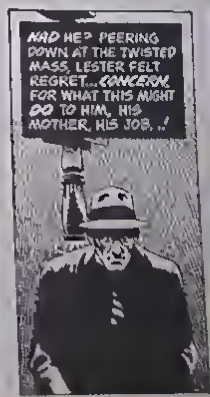
THE DERELICT SHAMBLED NEAR. THE STENCH OF URINE, OF ROT, SWIRLED ABOUT HIM. RAW AND VIVID, EVEN BENEATH A LAYER OF MUSCATEL.
S'BEEN THREE DAYS SINCE I HADDA MEAL.

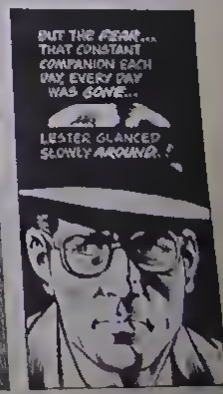
LESTER RECOILED. THE FEAR MADE HIS THROAT TIGHT. HIS CHEST HOT. DIRT-ENCRUSTED FINGERS, POCKED WITH SORES, REACHED OUT.
ONLY NEED A QUATER... A DIME EVEN!
MY COAT... YOU'RE TOUCHING MY-

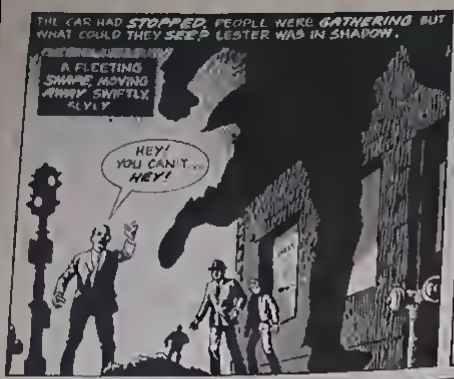
HANDS OFF ME, YOU DAMN CREEP!
WOK!

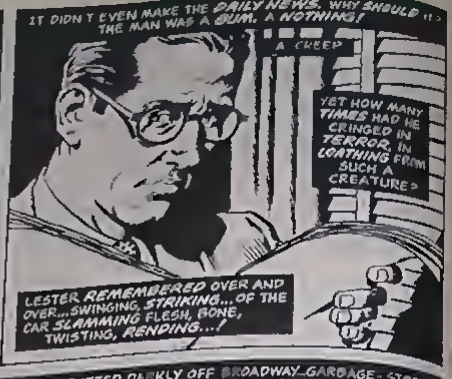
KA-THUD

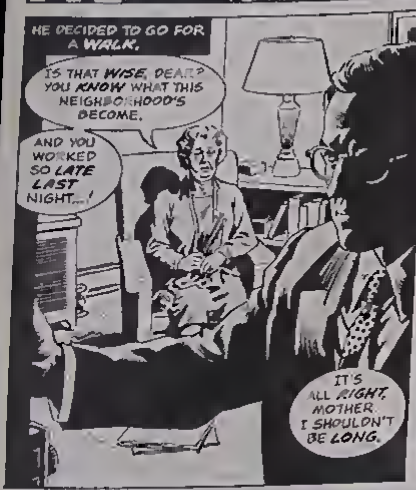
GOD! H-HE'S DEAD. JUST WANTED TO KNOCK HIM AWAY!

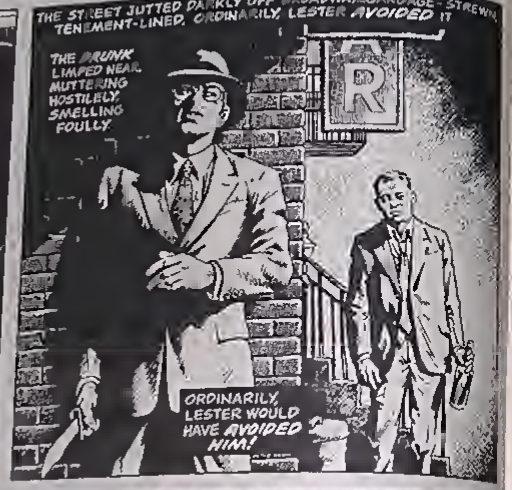

AND HE? PEERING DOWN AT THE TWISTED MASS, LESTER FELT REGRET... CONCERN, FOR WHAT THIS MIGHT DO TO HIM, HIS MOTHER, HIS JOB...!

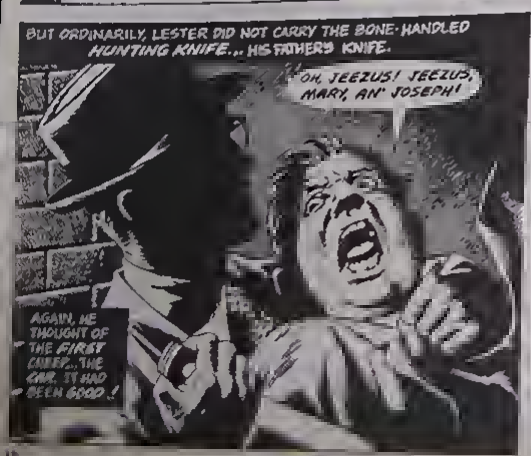

BUT THE FEAR... THAT CONSTANT COMPANION EACH DAY, EVERY DAY WAS GONE...
LESTER GLANCED SLOWLY AROUND...!

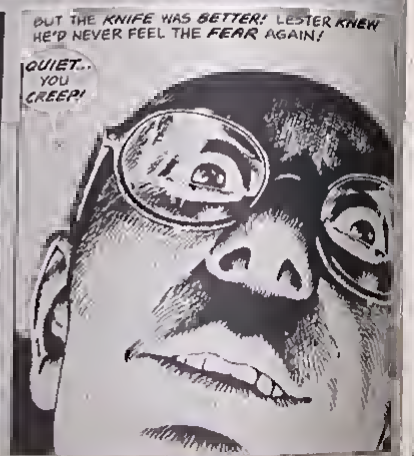

THE CAR HAD STOPPED. PEOPLE WERE GATHERING BUT WHAT COULD THEY SEE? LESTER WAS IN SHADOW.
A FLEETING SHAPE MOVING AWAY SWIFTLY, SLYLY
HEY! YOU CAN'T... HEY!

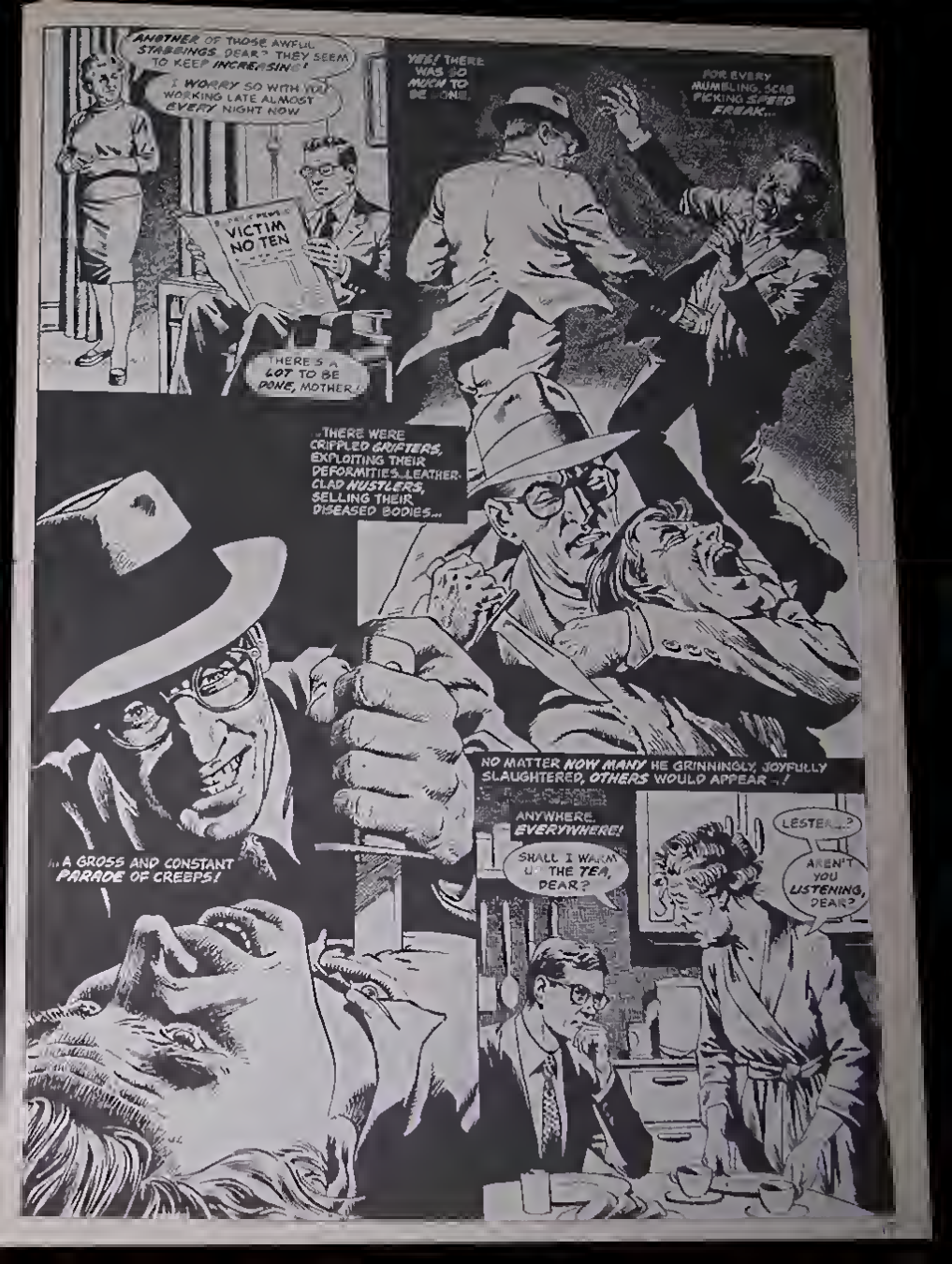

IT DIDN'T EVEN MAKE THE DAILY NEWS. WHY SHOULD IT? THE MAN WAS A BUM, A NOTHING!
A CREEP
YET HOW MANY TIMES HAD HE CRINGED IN TERROR, IN LOATHING FROM SUCH A CREATURE?
LESTER REMEMBERED OVER AND OVER... SWINGING, STRIKING... OF THE CAR SLAMMING FLESH, BONE, TWISTING, RENDING...!

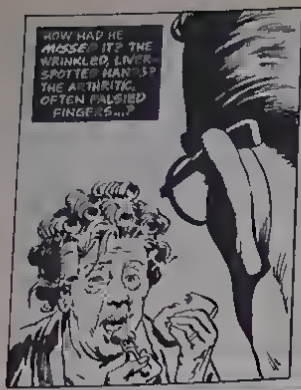

HE DECIDED TO GO FOR A WALK.
IS THAT WISE, DEAR? YOU KNOW WHAT THIS NEIGHBORHOOD'S BECOME.
AND YOU WORKED SO LATE LAST NIGHT...!
IT'S ALL RIGHT, MOTHER. I SHOULDN'T BE LONG.


THE STREET JUTTED DARKLY OFF BROADWAY—GARBAGE-STREWN, TENEMENT-LINED. ORDINARILY, LESTER AVOIDED IT
THE DRUNK LIMPED NEAR, MUTTERING HOSTILELY, SMELLING FOULLY.
ORDINARILY, LESTER WOULD HAVE AVOIDED HIM!

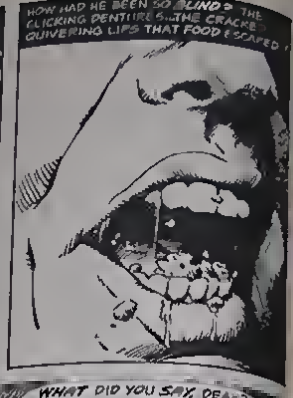

BUT ORDINARILY, LESTER DID NOT CARRY THE BONE-HANDLED HUNTING KNIFE... HIS FATHER'S KNIFE.
OH, JEEZUS! JEEZUS, MARY, AN' JOSEPH!
AGAIN, HE THOUGHT OF THE FIRST CREEP... THE CAR. IT HAD BEEN GOOD!

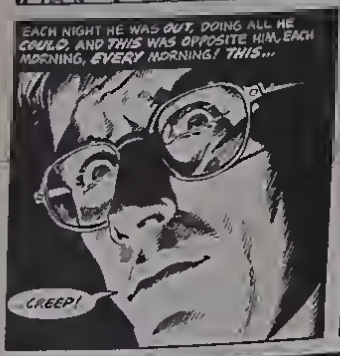

BUT THE KNIFE WAS BETTER! LESTER KNEW HE'D NEVER FEEL THE FEAR AGAIN!
QUIET... YOU CREEP!


ANOTHER OF THOSE AWFUL STABBINGS, DEAR? THEY SEEM TO KEEP INCREASING!
I WORRY SO WITH YOU WORKING LATE ALMOST EVERY NIGHT NOW
VICTIM NO TEN
THERE'S A LOT TO BE DONE, MOTHER!
YES! THERE WAS SO MUCH TO BE DONE.
FOR EVERY MUMBLING, SCAB PICKING SPEED FREAK...
...THERE WERE CRIPPLED GRIFTERS, EXPLOITING THEIR DEFORMITIES...LEATHER-CLAD HUSTLERS, SELLING THEIR DISEASED BODIES...
...A GROSS AND CONSTANT PARADE OF CREEPS!
NO MATTER HOW MANY HE GRINNINGLY, JOYFULLY SLAUGHTERED, OTHERS WOULD APPEAR...!
ANYWHERE. EVERYWHERE!
SHALL I WARM UP THE TEA, DEAR?
LESTER...?
AREN'T YOU LISTENING, DEAR?

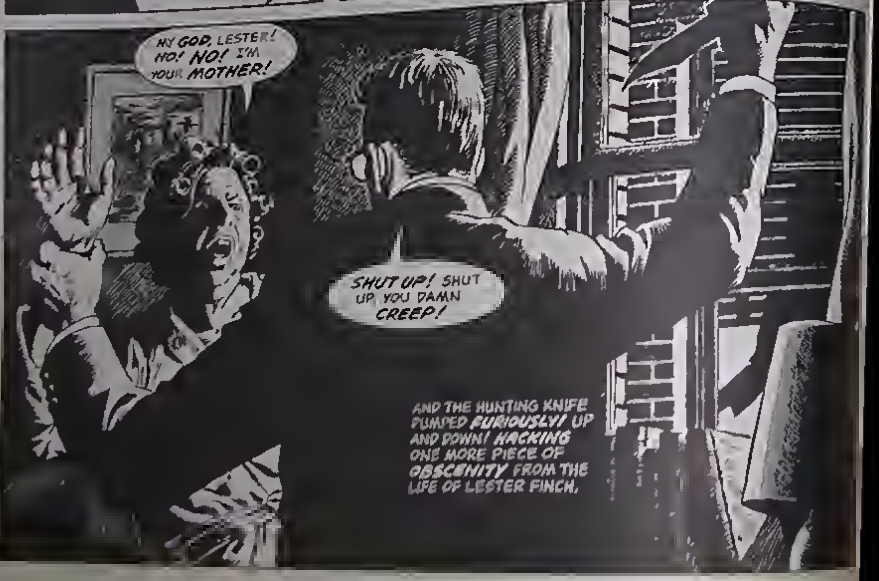

HOW HAD HE MISSED IT? THE WRINKLED, LIVER-SPOTTED HANDS? THE ARTHRITIC, OFTEN FALSIED FINGERS...?

WHY HADN'T HE SEEN? THE BAGGY EYES, DARK, FROG-LIKE... THE HEAVY SAGGING JOWLS...!


HOW HAD HE BEEN SO BLIND? THE CLICKING DENTURES... THE CRACKED QUIVERING LIPS THAT FOOD ESCAPED!


EACH NIGHT HE WAS OUT, DOING ALL HE COULD, AND THIS WAS OPPOSITE HIM, EACH MORNING, EVERY MORNING! THIS...
CREEP!

WHAT DID YOU SAY, DEAR? IT ALMOST SOUNDED LIKE...
LESTER!


MY GOD, LESTER! NO! NO! I'M YOUR MOTHER!
SHUT UP! SHUT UP, YOU DAMN CREEP!
AND THE HUNTING KNIFE PUMPED FURIOUSLY! UP AND DOWN! HACKING ONE MORE PIECE OF OBSCENITY FROM THE LIFE OF LESTER FINCH.

WITH THE LAST JETTING SPURT OF BLOOD LESTER'S RAGE, HIS SENSE OF BETRAYAL, BEGAN TO EBB...!

HE BEGAN TO SEE CLEARLY...

...AND HEAR!

MUERTO! MUERTO! MADRE DE DIOS!

LESTER CURSED THE CREEPY FOREIGN HAG. NOW HE HAD TO RUN.

BUT HE WAS NO LONGER AN ANONYMOUS SHAPE, A FLEETING SHADOW...!

HE WAS LOST TO THE ONLY PLACES HE KNEW. HIS HOME. HIS OFFICE. ALMOST INSTINCTIVELY, HE SOUGHT THE OBLIVION OF THE TIMES SQUARE AREA, THE CROWDS, THE NEVER-CLOSED MOVIES, THE NO-QUESTION-ASKED HOTELS.

PARK

EACH ESCAPE WAS TEMPORARY. A DAY, A FEW HOURS, MINUTES.

HE HAD TO KEEP MOVING.

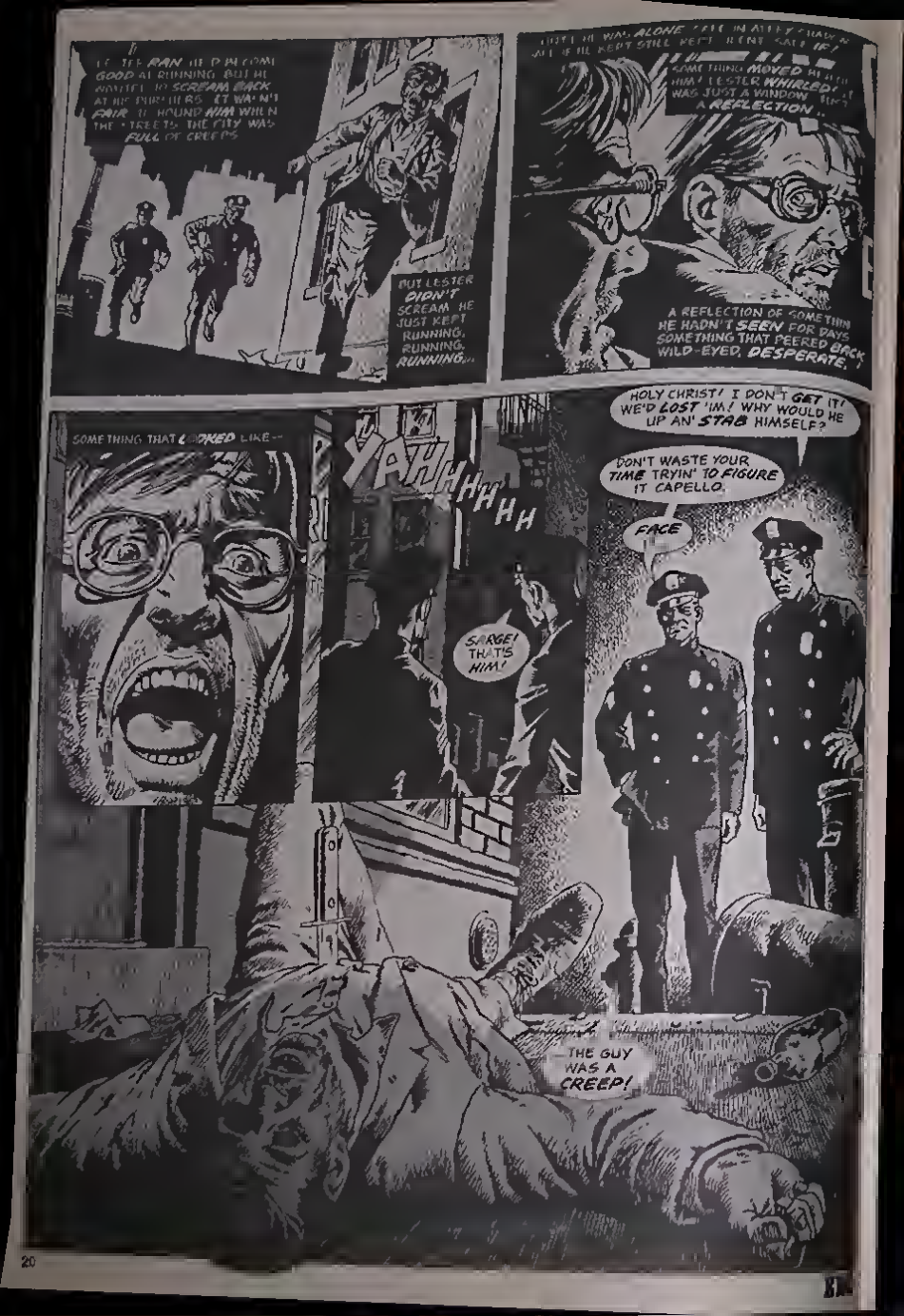
PROWL CARS, BEAT COPS, WERE EVERYWHERE. NO TIME TO REST...TO EVEN THINK. ONLY MOVE! AND WHEN HIS MONEY WAS GONE, THERE WERE THE ALLEYS, PARKS, DOORWAYS...!

BUT ALWAYS AT A RISK. SLEEP WAS A THING OF MOMENTS...

...THEN UP! STAGGERING, SEARCHING FOR THE NEXT HOLE, THE NEXT HIDEAWAY, UNTIL...!

THAT'S HIM! THE MOTHER-STABBIN' NUT!

JUST LIKE IS PICTURE IN THE PAPER!


BUT LESTER DIDN'T SCREAM. HE JUST KEPT RUNNING, RUNNING, RUNNING...
SOMETHING MOVED IN HIM! LESTER WHIRLED! IT WAS JUST A WINDOW... A REFLECTION...
A REFLECTION OF SOMETHING HE HADN'T SEEN FOR DAYS. SOMETHING THAT PEERED BACK WILD-EYED, DESPERATE.
SOMETHING THAT LOOKED LIKE--
YAHHHHHH
SARGE! THAT'S HIM!
HOLY CHRIST! I DON'T GET IT! WE'D LOST 'IM! WHY WOULD HE UP AN' STAB HIMSELF?
DON'T WASTE YOUR TIME TRYIN' TO FIGURE IT CAPELLO.
FACE
THE GUY WAS A CREEP!

ROBERT RUARK WOULD HAVE TOLD YOU SO IN 1964. ERNEST HEMINGWAY KNEW IT IN 1934. EVEN AS EARLY AS 1914 TEDDY ROOSEVELT COULD HAVE PREDICTED IT. AFRICA IS DYING. FOR SOME IT IS ALREADY DEAD.

THE LUSH SAVANNAS THAT STRETCHED ENDLESSLY BELOW THE GLORY OF MT. KILIMANJARO--TEEMING WITH IMPALA, TOPI AND WATERBUCK- ARE REDUCED NOW, TO SCORCHED AND BARREN DUST BOWLS THANKS TO THE TIRELESS HEARDS OF MASAI CATTLE RAVISHING ALL THAT IS GREEN BEFORE THEM ON THEIR CONSTANT SEARCH FOR FOOD.

EVEN THE FEW GAME RETREATS THAT REMAIN, LIKE THE AMBOSELI RESERVE, ARE UNDER HEAVY THREAT FROM FRUSTRATED HERDSMEN LOOKING FOR FRESH GRASSLAND TO FEED THEIR STOCK.

IT WAS NOT ALWAYS SO. BEFORE WORLD WAR I, BEFORE THE ADVENT OF THE KENYA-UGANDA RAILROAD, BEFORE THE TRAGIC SLAUGHTER OF WILDLIFE BY BRITISH AND GERMAN TROOPS - MASAILAND WAS A NATURALIST'S EDEN, A RICH STOREHOUSE OF VEGETATION, WHERE THE ROLLING THUNDER OF A MILLION ANIMALS SHOOK THE EARTH, AND THE AIR WAS SWEET AND HEAVY WITH A WILD...

YELLOW HEAT

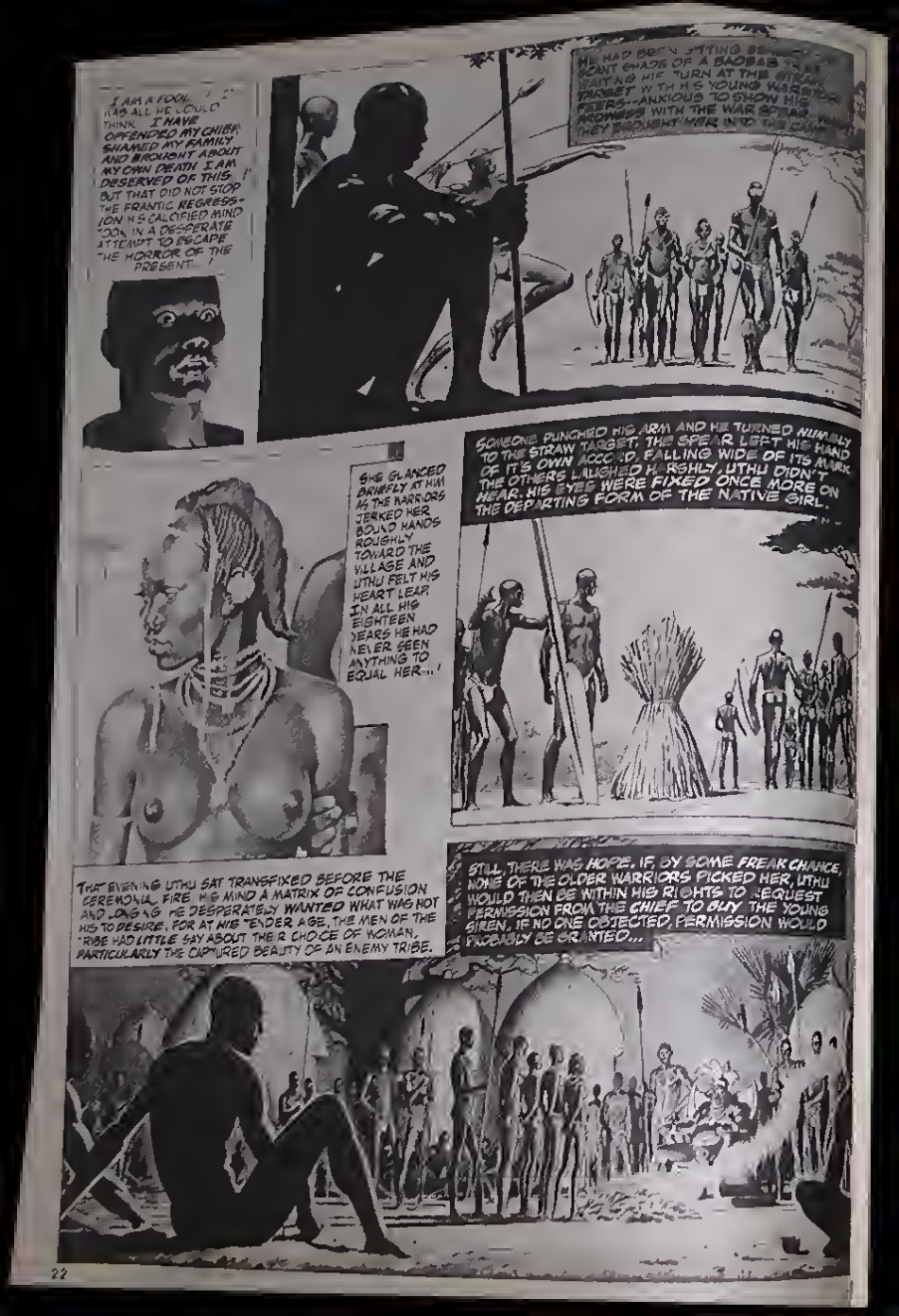
UTHU GRIPPED THE FRAGILE WAR LANCE AND TOOK A TENUOUS STEP BACKWARD IN THE THICK SAVANNA GRASS, PRAYING TO HIS GODS THAT THE CROUCHING, AGATE-EYED FELINE WOULD NOT SPRING.

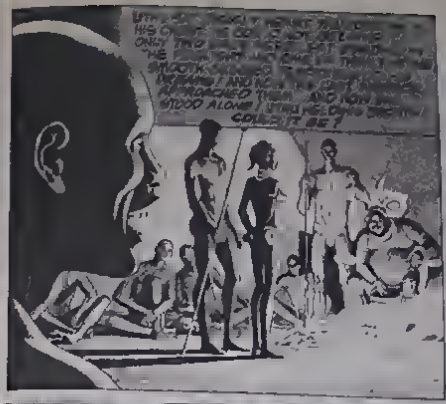
PENT-UP BREATH SHUDDERED BETWEEN HIS TEETH. A MUSCLE TWITCHED NERVOUSLY ON THE LIONESS' TAWNY BACK, THE BALEFUL EYES FIXED ALMOST MESMERICALLY ON HIM.

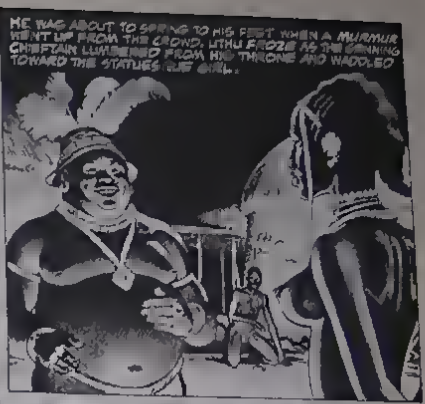
A LOW RUMBLE BEGAN IN THE BIG CAT'S THROAT. UTHUS FROZE. A FRESH WAVE OF SALTY PERSPIRATION WASHED HIS FOREHEAD AND BACK...

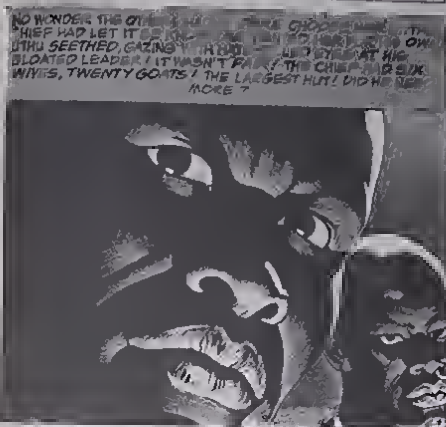
THE STEEL MUSCLED LOINS TENSED BENEATH THE SLEEK YELLOW COAT. THE BEAST WAS ABOUT TO LEAP---!

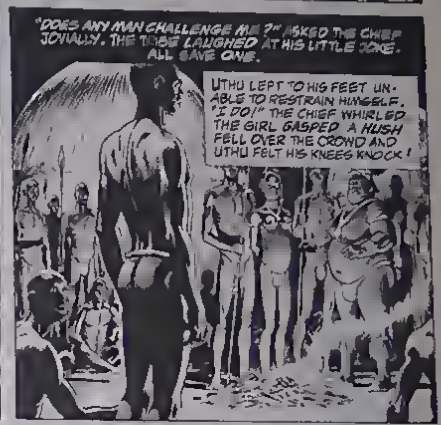
STORY BRUCE JONES/ART RUSS HEATH


I AM A FOOL ... HAS ALL HE COULD THINK. I HAVE OFFENDED MY CHIEF, SHAMED MY FAMILY AND BROUGHT ABOUT MY OWN DEATH. I AM DESERVED OF THIS ... BUT THAT DID NOT STOP THE FRANTIC REGRESSION HIS CALCIFIED MIND TOOK IN A DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE THE HORROR OF THE PRESENT...!
HE HAD BEEN SITTING BESIDE ... SCANT SHADE OF A BAOBAB ... WAITING HIS TURN AT THE GIANT TARGET WITH HIS YOUNG WARRIOR PEERS--ANXIOUS TO SHOW HIS PROWESS WITH THE WAR SPEAR ... THEY PROBING WER INTO THE CHIEF ...
SHE GLANCED BRIEFLY AT HIM AS THE WARRIORS JERKED HER BOUND HANDS ROUGHLY TOWARD THE VILLAGE AND UTHU FELT HIS HEART LEAP. IN ALL HIS EIGHTEEN YEARS HE HAD NEVER SEEN ANYTHING TO EQUAL HER...!
SOMEONE PUNCHED HIS ARM AND HE TURNED NUMBLY TO THE STRAW TARGET. THE SPEAR LEFT HIS HAND OF ITS OWN ACCORD, FALLING WIDE OF ITS MARK. THE OTHERS LAUGHED HEARTILY. UTHU DIDN'T HEAR. HIS EYES WERE FIXED ONCE MORE ON THE DEPARTING FORM OF THE NATIVE GIRL.
THAT EVENING UTHU SAT TRANSFIXED BEFORE THE CEREMONIAL FIRE. HIS MIND A MATRIX OF CONFUSION AND JOSTLING HE DESPERATELY WANTED WHAT WAS NOT HIS TO DESIRE. FOR AT HIS TENDER AGE, THE MEN OF THE TRIBE HAD LITTLE SAY ABOUT THEIR CHOICE OF WOMAN, PARTICULARLY THE CAPTURED BEAUTY OF AN ENEMY TRIBE.
STILL, THERE WAS HOPE. IF, BY SOME FREAK CHANCE, NONE OF THE OLDER WARRIORS PICKED HER, UTHU WOULD THEN BE WITHIN HIS RIGHTS TO REQUEST PERMISSION FROM THE CHIEF TO BUY THE YOUNG SIREN. IF NO ONE OBJECTED, PERMISSION WOULD PROBABLY BE GRANTED...

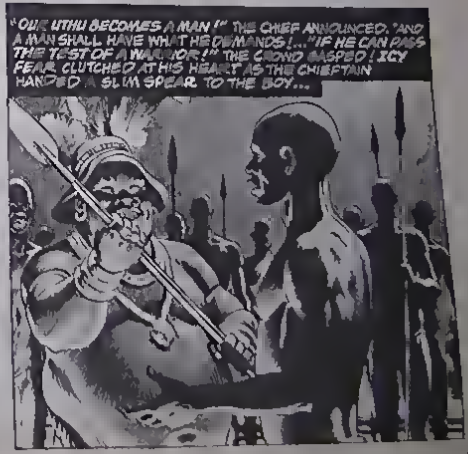



HE WAS ABOUT TO SPRING TO HIS FEET WHEN A MURMUR WENT UP FROM THE CROWD. UTHU FROZE AS THE GRINNING CHIEFTAIN LUMBERED FROM HIS THRONE AND WADDLED TOWARD THE STATUES.


NO WONDER THE
"CHIEF HAD LET IT
UTHU SEETHED, GAZING
BLOATED LEADER! IT WASN'T
WIVES, TWENTY GOATS! THE LARGEST HUT! DID HE
MORE?

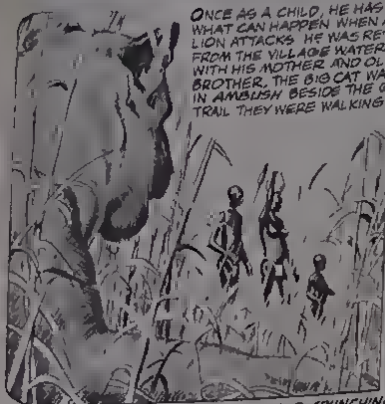

"DOES ANY MAN CHALLENGE ME?" ASKED THE CHIEF JOVIALLY. THE TRIBE LAUGHED AT HIS LITTLE JOKE. ALL GAVE ONE.
UTHU LEPT TO HIS FEET UNABLE TO RESTRAIN HINGSELF. "I DO!" THE CHIEF WHIRLED THE GIRL GASPED A HUSH FELL OVER THE CROWD AND UTHU FELT HIS KNEES KNOCK!

A FLASH OF RED ANGER GLOWED IN THE CORPULENT LEADER'S EYES! UTHU'S COMPANIONS GAZED AT HIM IN ASTONISHMENT. THEN, THE FAT PATRIARCH'S THICK NECK RELAXED ONCE MORE AND A HIGH, TITTERING LAUGH ROSE FROM THE JIGGLING BELLY. HE MOTIONED TO UTHU, ARMS EXTENDED OPENLY.


"OUR UTHU BECOMES A MAN!" THE CHIEF ANNOUNCED. "AND A MAN SHALL HAVE WHAT HE DEMANDS!..." "IF HE CAN PASS THE TEST OF A WARRIOR!" THE CROWD GASPED! ICY FEAR CLUTCHED AT HIS HEART AS THE CHIEFTAIN HANDED A SLIM SPEAR TO THE BOY...

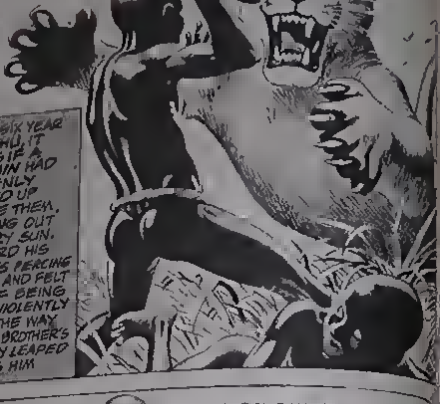
"THE TEST OF A WARRIOR" IT HAD BEEN BANNED BY THE COUNCIL TEN YEARS AGO AS A RESULT OF THE RAPIDLY DEPLETING MALE POPULATION IN THE TRIBE. LESS THAN HALF OF THOSE WHO ATTEMPTED IT RETURNED TO THE VILLAGE ALIVE. ONCE ACCOMPLISHED NO HIGHER HONOR WAS BESTOWED ON THE VICTOR... BUT THE LOSER PAID A TERRIBLE PRICE.

THE TASK WAS SIMPLE IN OUTLINE: TO BRING BACK WITHIN THE SPACE OF THREE DAYS, A FULL GROWN LION... TO KILL IT UNAIDED BY ANOTHER WARRIOR WITH ONLY THE PRIMITIVE SPEAR FOR ASSISTANCE TO ACCOMPLISH IN OTHER WORDS THE NEAR IMPOSSIBLE

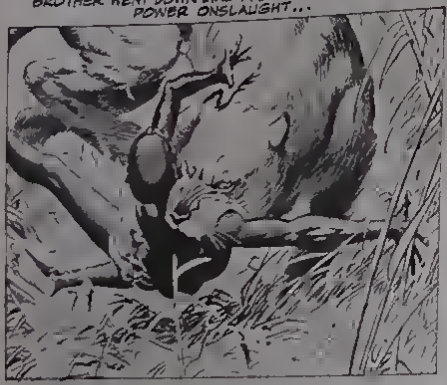


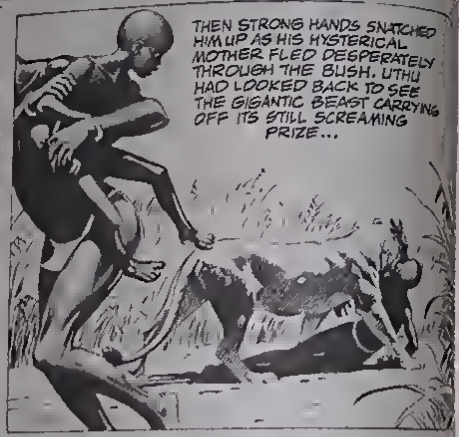
ONCE AS A CHILD, HE HAS SEEN WHAT CAN HAPPEN WHEN A HUNGRY LION ATTACKS. HE WAS RETURNING FROM THE VILLAGE WATER HOLE WITH HIS MOTHER AND OLDER BROTHER. THE BIG CAT WAS LYING IN AMBUSH BESIDE THE GAME TRAIL THEY WERE WALKING ALONG

TO THE SIX YEAR OLD UTHU, IT WAS AS IF A MOUNTAIN HAD SUDDENLY REARED UP BEFORE THEM, BLOTTING OUT THE VERY SUN. HE HEARD HIS MOTHER'S PIERCING SCREAM AND FELT HIMSELF BEING PUSHED VIOLENTLY OUT OF THE WAY. THEN, HIS BROTHER'S LEAN BODY LEAPED ACROSS HIM



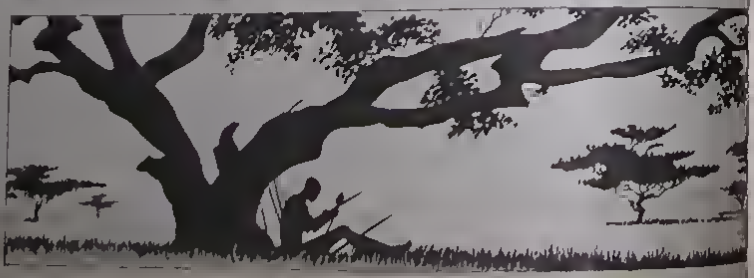
THE SOUND OF TEARING FLESH, AND CRUNCHING BONE WOULD FOREVER RING IN HIS EARS AS HIS VALIANT BROTHER WENT DOWN LIKE A DRY TWIG UNDER THE POWER ONSLAUGHT...

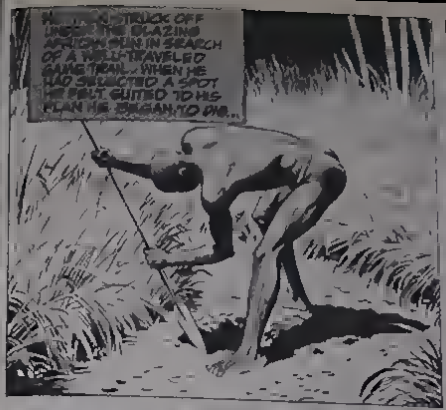


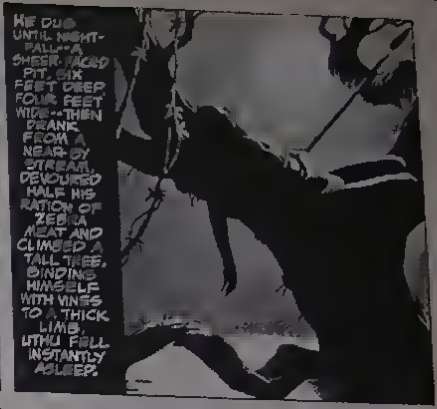


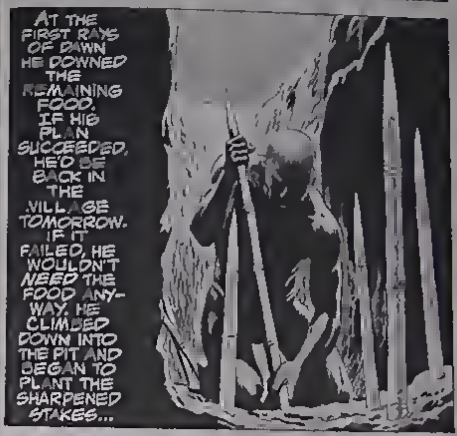
THEN STRONG HANDS SNATCHED HIM UP AS HIS HYSTERICAL MOTHER FLED DESPERATELY THROUGH THE BUSH. UTHU HAD LOOKED BACK TO SEE THE GIGANTIC BEAST CARRYING OFF ITS STILL SCREAMING PRIZE...

UTHU SPENT THE ENTIRE MORNING SELECTING THE STRAIGHTEST AND STURDIEST BRANCHES HE COULD FIND-- THESE HE CUT INTO UNIFORM LENGTHS AND SHARPENED TO NEEDLE POINTS ON BOTH ENDS. THE SPEAR HEAD WAS NEARLY DULL BY THE TIME HE'D FINISHED BUT THAT MATTERED LITTLE NOW... HE HAD A PLAN.

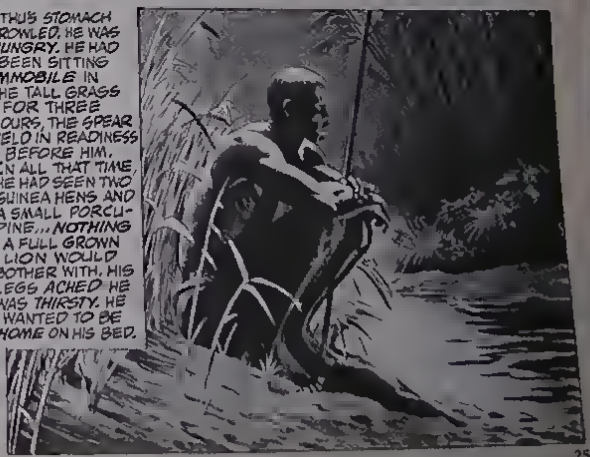


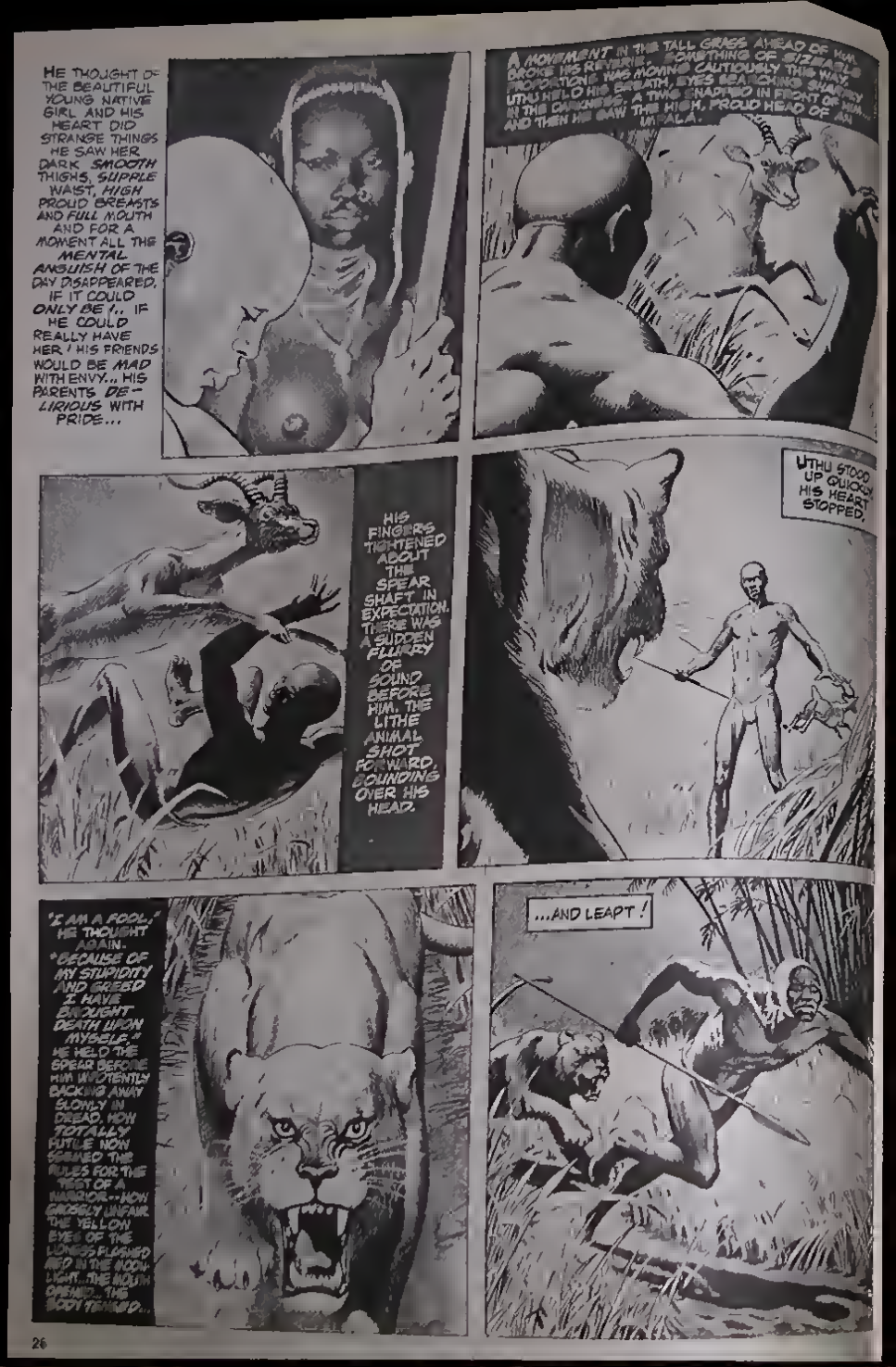


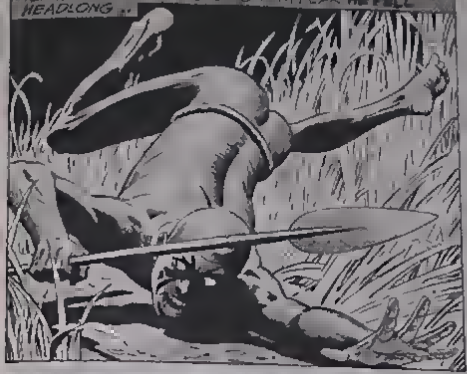




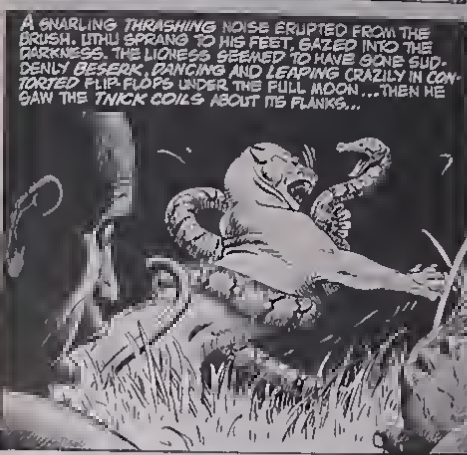
UTHU'S STOMACH GROWLED. HE WAS HUNGRY. HE HAD BEEN SITTING IMMOBILE IN THE TALL GRASS FOR THREE HOURS, THE SPEAR HELD IN READINESS BEFORE HIM. IN ALL THAT TIME, HE HAD SEEN TWO GUINEA HENS AND A SMALL PORCUPINE... NOTHING A FULL GROWN LION WOULD BOTHER WITH. HIS LEGS ACHED. HE WAS THIRSTY. HE WANTED TO BE HOME ON HIS BED.

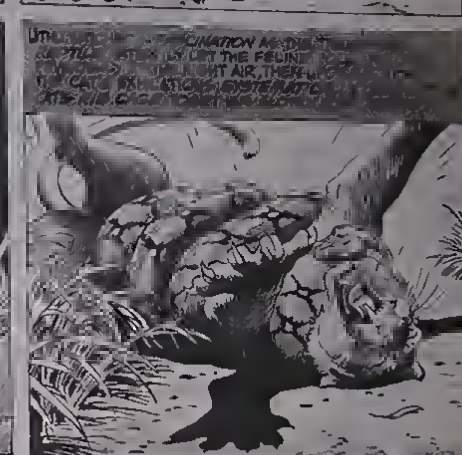


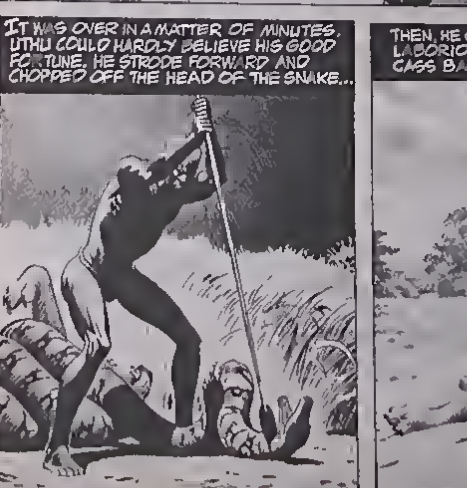

HE THOUGHT OF THE BEAUTIFUL YOUNG NATIVE GIRL AND HIS HEART DID STRANGE THINGS HE SAW HER DARK SMOOTH THIGHS, SUPPLE WAIST, HIGH PROUD BREASTS AND FULL MOUTH AND FOR A MOMENT ALL THE MENTAL ANGUISH OF THE DAY DISAPPEARED. IF IT COULD ONLY BE !.. IF HE COULD REALLY HAVE HER ! HIS FRIENDS WOULD BE MAD WITH ENVY.. HIS PARENTS DELIRIOUS WITH PRIDE...
A MOVEMENT IN THE TALL GRASS AHEAD OF HIM BROKE HIS REVERIE.. SOMETHING OF SIZEABLE PROPORTIONS WAS MOVING CAUTIOUSLY THIS WAY. UTHU HELD HIS BREATH, EYES BEARCHING SHARPLY IN THE DARKNESS. A TWIG SNAPPED IN FRONT OF HIM... AND THEN HE SAW THE HIGH, PROUD HEAD OF AN IMPALA.
HIS FINGERS TIGHTENED ABOUT THE SPEAR SHAFT IN EXPECTATION. THERE WAS A SUDDEN FLURRY OF SOUND BEFORE HIM. THE LITHE ANIMAL SHOT FORWARD, BOUNDING OVER HIS HEAD.
UTHU STOOD UP QUICKLY. HIS HEART STOPPED.
"I AM A FOOL," HE THOUGHT AGAIN. "BECAUSE OF MY STUPIDITY AND GREED I HAVE BROUGHT DEATH UPON MYSELF." HE HELD THE SPEAR BEFORE HIM WITHOUTENTLY BACKING AWAY SLOWLY IN DREAD. HOW TOTALLY FUTILE NOW SEEMED THE RULES FOR THE TEST OF A WARRIOR.. HOW GROSSLY UNFAIR. THE YELLOW EYES OF THE LIONESS FLASHED RED IN THE MOONLIGHT...THE MOUTH OPENED...THE BODY TENSED...
...AND LEAPT !

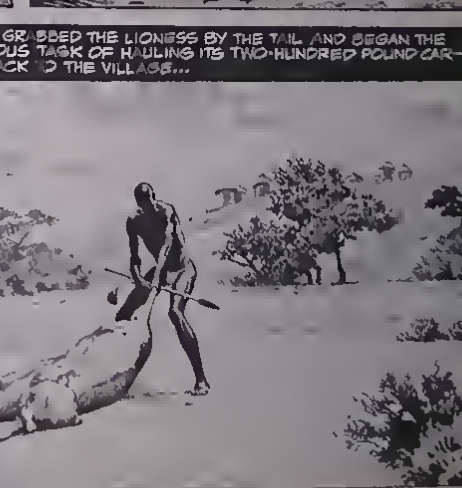

AT THIS MOMENT, HE COULD HOPE TO DISPATCH THE BEAST BEFORE IT BROUGHT HIM DOWN. UTHU SCREAMED IN TERROR. HIS MIND EXPLODED WITH FEAR. HE FELL HEADLONG...

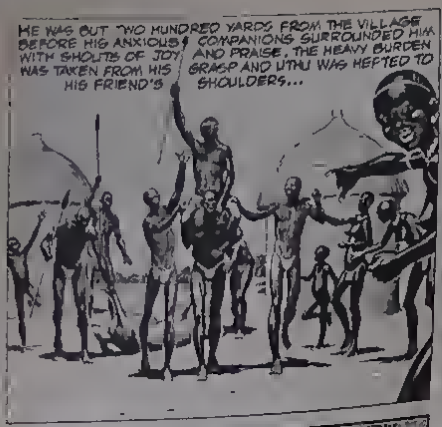
...NOTHING HAPPENED

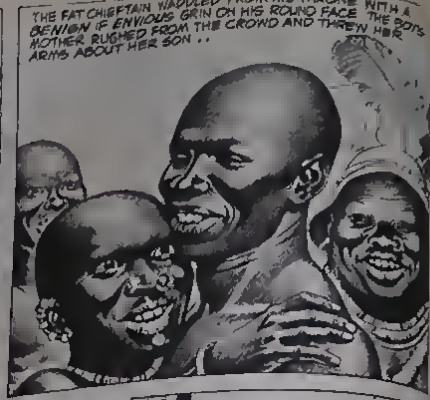

A SNARLING THRASHING NOISE ERUPTED FROM THE BRUSH. UTHU SPRANG TO HIS FEET, GAZED INTO THE DARKNESS. THE LIONESS SEEMED TO HAVE GONE SUDDENLY BESERK, DANCING AND LEAPING CRAZILY IN CONTORTED FLIP-FLOPS UNDER THE FULL MOON...THEN HE SAW THE THICK COILS ABOUT ITS FLANKS...

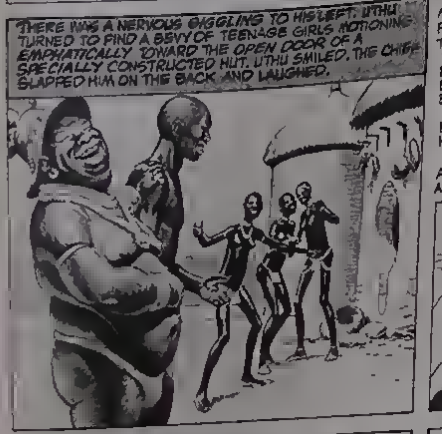


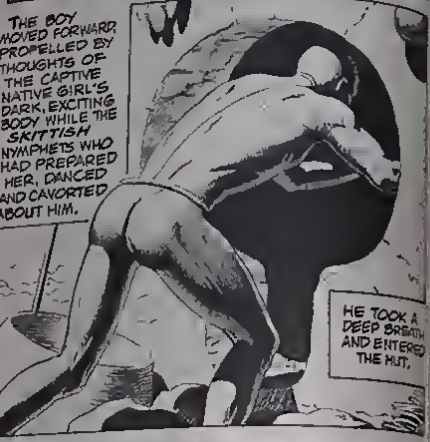

IT WAS OVER IN A MATTER OF MINUTES. UTHU COULD HARDLY BELIEVE HIS GOOD FORTUNE. HE STRODE FORWARD AND CHOPPED OFF THE HEAD OF THE SNAKE...

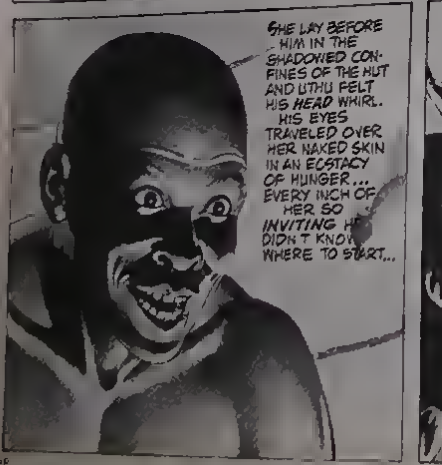

THEN, HE GRABBED THE LIONESS BY THE TAIL AND BEGAN THE LABORIOUS TASK OF HAULING ITS TWO-HUNDRED POUND CARCASS BACK TO THE VILLAGE...


HE WAS BUT TWO HUNDRED YARDS FROM THE VILLAGE BEFORE HIS ANXIOUS COMPANIONS SURROUNDED HIM WITH SHOUTS OF JOY AND PRAISE. THE HEAVY BURDEN WAS TAKEN FROM HIS GRASP AND UTHU WAS HEFTED TO HIS FRIEND'S SHOULDERS...


THE FAT CHIEFTAIN WADDLED FROM HIS THRONE WITH A BENIGN IF ENVIOUS GRIN ON HIS ROUND FACE. THE BOY'S MOTHER RUSHED FROM THE CROWD AND THREW HER ARMS ABOUT HER SON..


THERE WAS A NERVOUS GIGGLING TO HIS LEFT. UTHU TURNED TO FIND A BEVY OF TEENAGE GIRLS NOTIONING EMPHATICALLY TOWARD THE OPEN DOOR OF A SPECIALLY CONSTRUCTED HUT. UTHU SMILED. THE CHIEF SLAPPED HIM ON THE BACK AND LAUGHED.


THE BOY MOVED FORWARD PROPELLED BY THOUGHTS OF THE CAPTIVE NATIVE GIRL'S DARK, EXCITING BODY WHILE THE SKITTISH NYMPHETS WHO HAD PREPARED HER, DANCED AND CAVORTED ABOUT HIM.
HE TOOK A DEEP BREATH AND ENTERED THE HUT.


SHE LAY BEFORE HIM IN THE SHADOWED CONFINES OF THE HUT AND UTHU FELT HIS HEAD WHIRL. HIS EYES TRAVELED OVER HER NAKED SKIN IN AN ECSTACY OF HUNGER... EVERY INCH OF HER SO INVITING HE DIDN'T KNOW WHERE TO START...

HE DECIDED TO START WITH THE THIGH... IT HAD ALWAYS BEEN HIS FAVORITE PART.
UTHU REACHED OUT GRINNING FOR THE TENDER FLESH...

END

CONSIDER

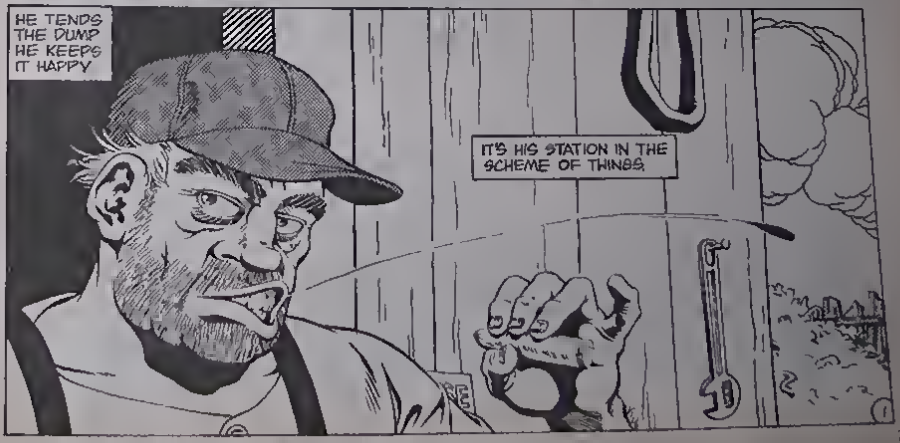
...THE DUMP MAN

A LIFE BUILT ON THE WASTE OF OTHERS, A FIXTURE IN ANY TOWN PRODUCING GARBAGE, HE ALWAYS SEEMS IMMUNE TO DIRT, AUTOMATION, AND THE ETERNAL DECOMPOSING THAT GOES ON AROUND HIM

STORY STEPHEN PERRY

ART + LETTERS ERIC SHANOWER

EDITOR TONY DISPOTO



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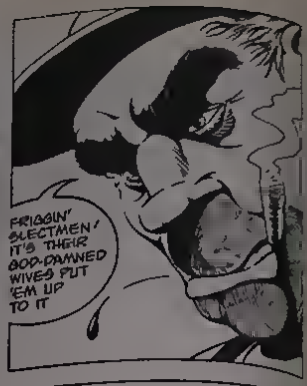
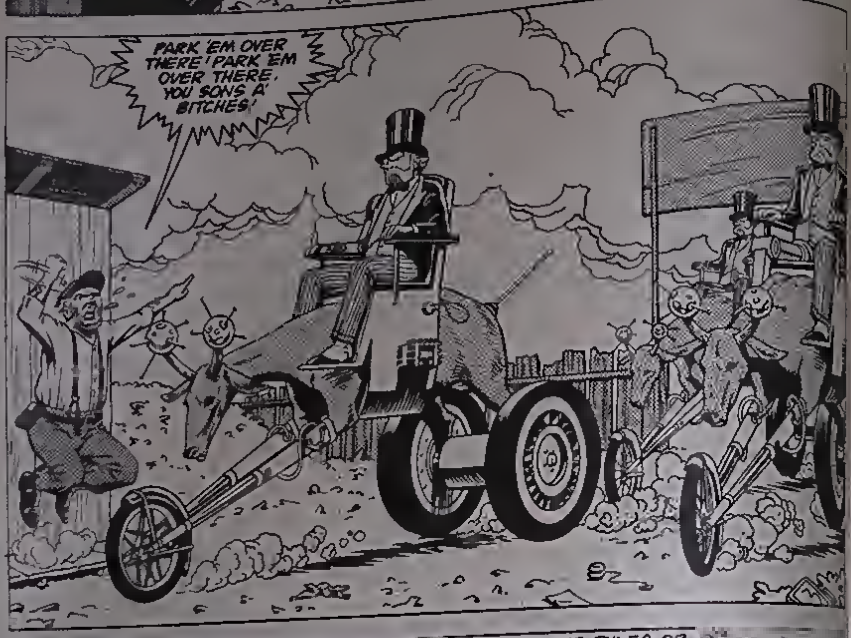
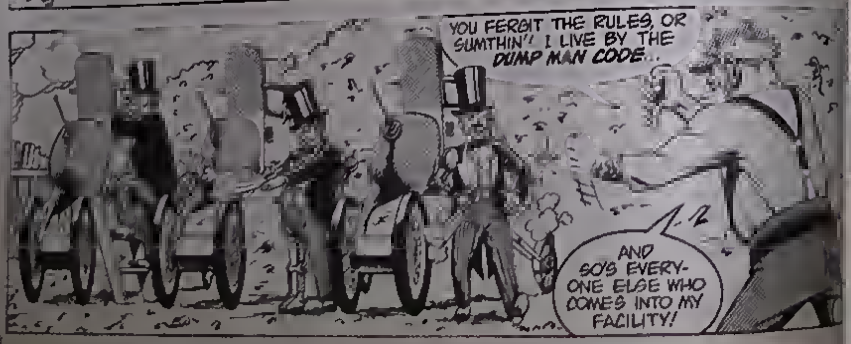
AGAIN?


FRIGGIN' SLECTMEN! IT'S THEIR GOD-DAMNED WIVES PUT 'EM UP TO IT

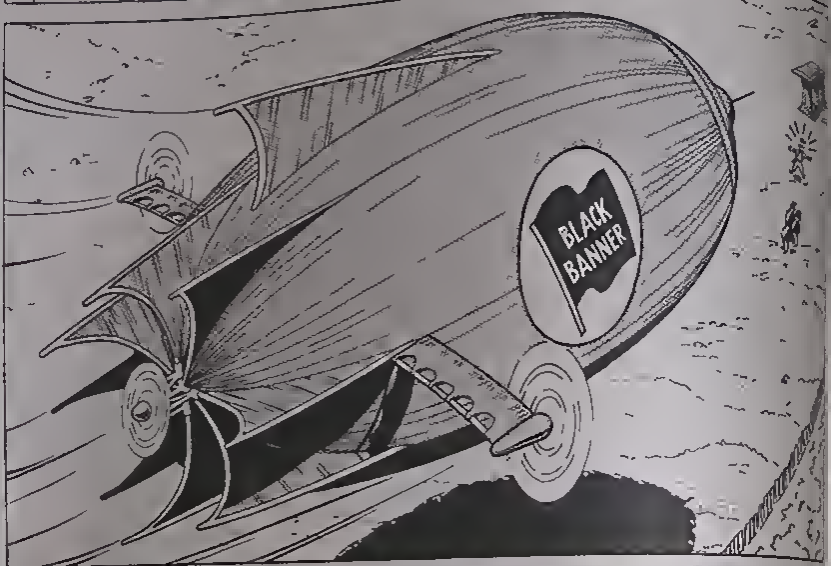

PARK 'EM OVER THERE! PARK 'EM OVER THERE, YOU SONS A' BITCHES!

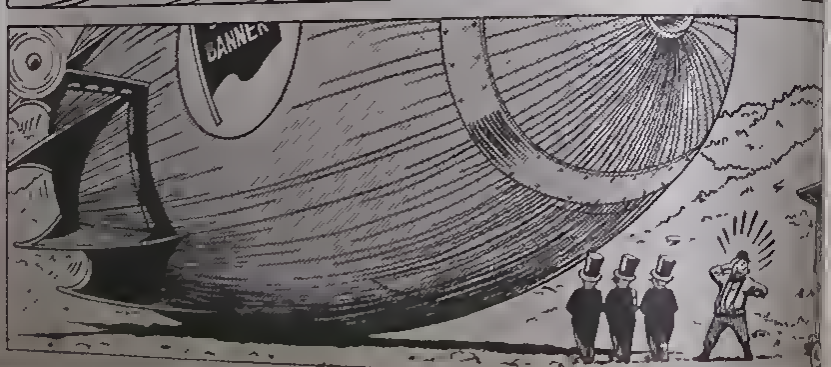

YOU FERGIT THE RULES, OR SUMTHIN'! I LIVE BY THE DUMP MAN CODE...
AND SO'S EVERY-ONE ELSE WHO COMES INTO MY FACILITY!

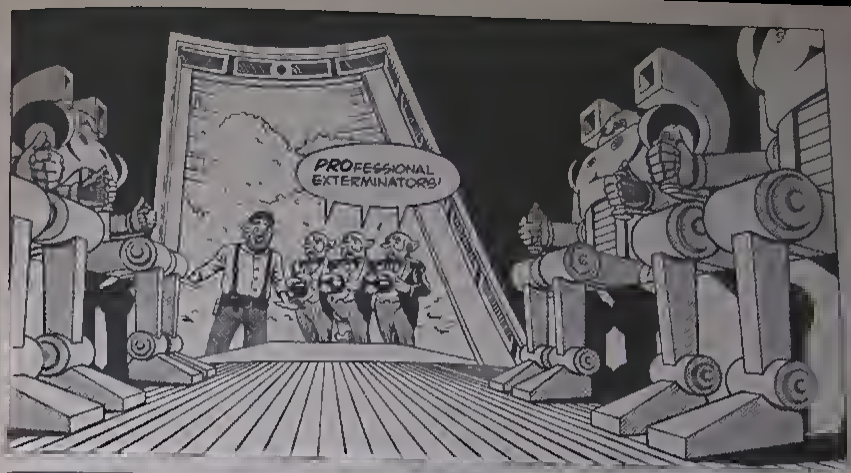
YA PARK EM OVER THERE, YA PUT YOUR TRASH BACK THERE, SIX TO SIX, SIX DAYS A WEEK!
DON'T YOU EVER READ YOUR OWN TOWN CHARTER?!?
ARE
YOU
DONE?
GOOD
AS YOU KNOW
OUR WIVES WHO FORM THE BEAUTIFY OUR CITY COMMITTEE.
REFUSE TO TAKE NO FOR AN ANSWER
THEY'RE MAKING OUR LIVES QUITE MISERABLE UNTIL WE SOLVE THIS PROBLEM.
HAWKATOOF! GOD-DAMNED PUSSY WHIPPED SONS A' BITCHES. YOU BEEN TRYIN' FROM HELL TA BREAKFAST TO SATISFY THEM BLUE-HAIRED OLD SKAGS!
WHERE'D IT GET YA?
NOWHERE!!
WHY!?
'CAUSE YA AIN'T MEN!
THEN . .
. WE MUST
ELIMINATE IT
BEAUTIFYIN' A DUMP'S THE GOD-DAMNED DUMBEST THING I EVER HEARD OF! YA CAN'T MAKE A DUMP PRETTIER THAN IT ALREADY IS!

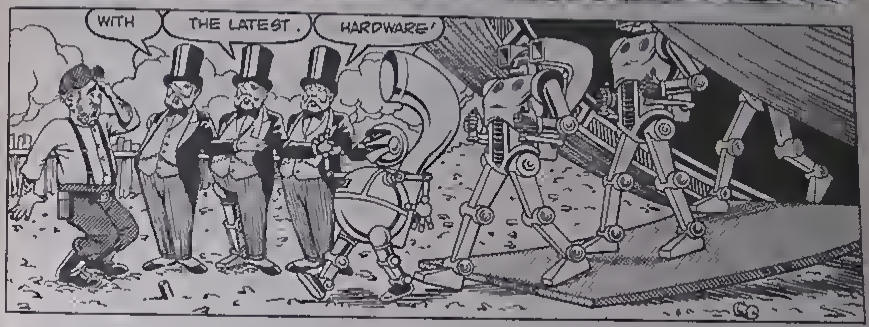
GO AHEAD! TRY!! HAHAW! IT'LL JUST BE LIKE TOTHER TIMES! I KNOW THIS DUMP! IT DON'T TAKE NO SHIT!
WE HAVE A GREEN FROM THE KEEPER
SEND IN
THE EXTERMINATORS

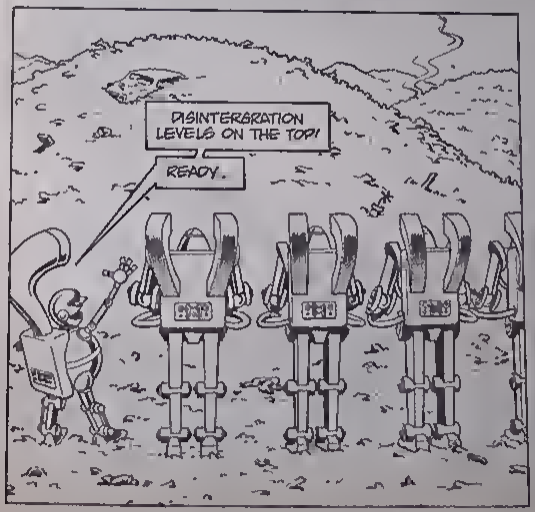
EXTERMINATORS?

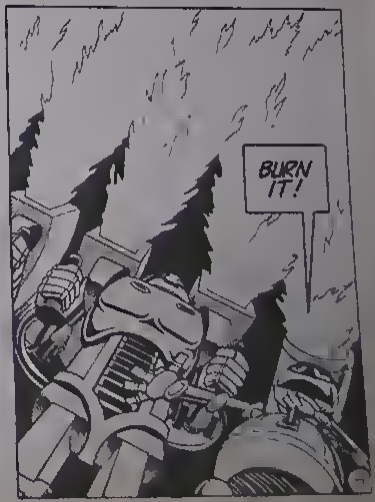

BLACK BANNER

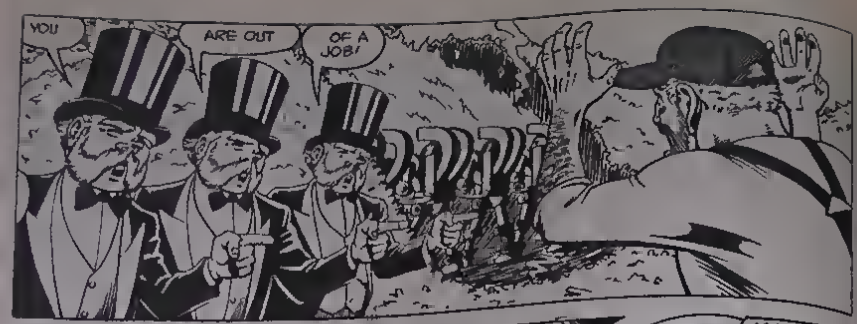

BANNER

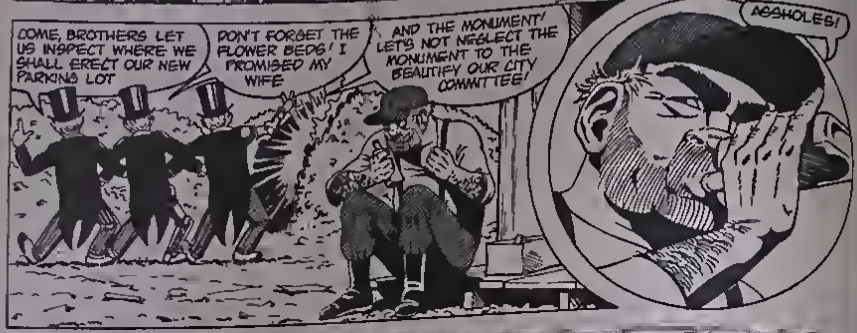

PROFESSIONAL EXTERMINATORS!

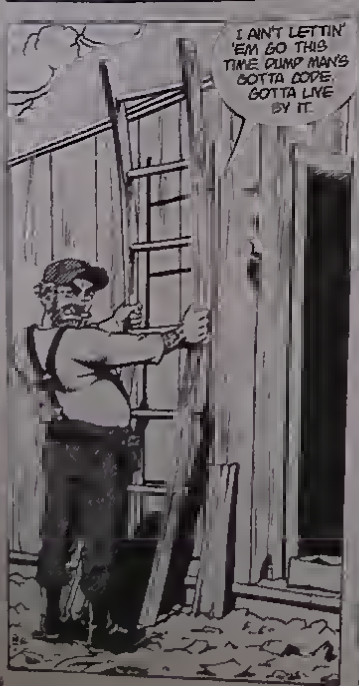

WITH
THE LATEST.
HARDWARE!

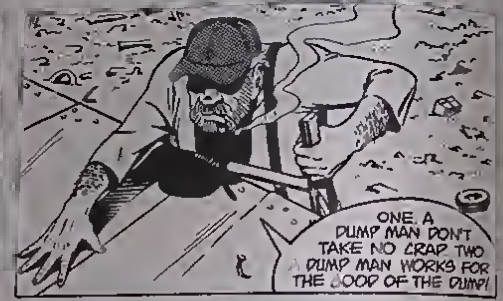

DISINTEGRATION LEVELS ON THE TOP!
READY.

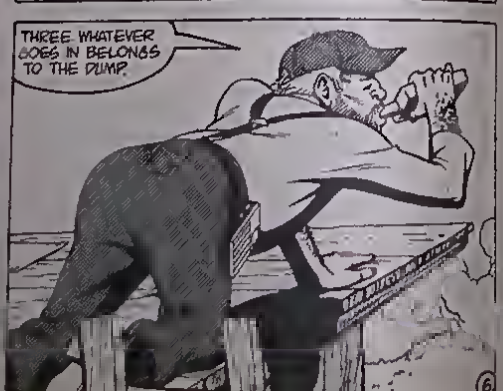

BURN IT!

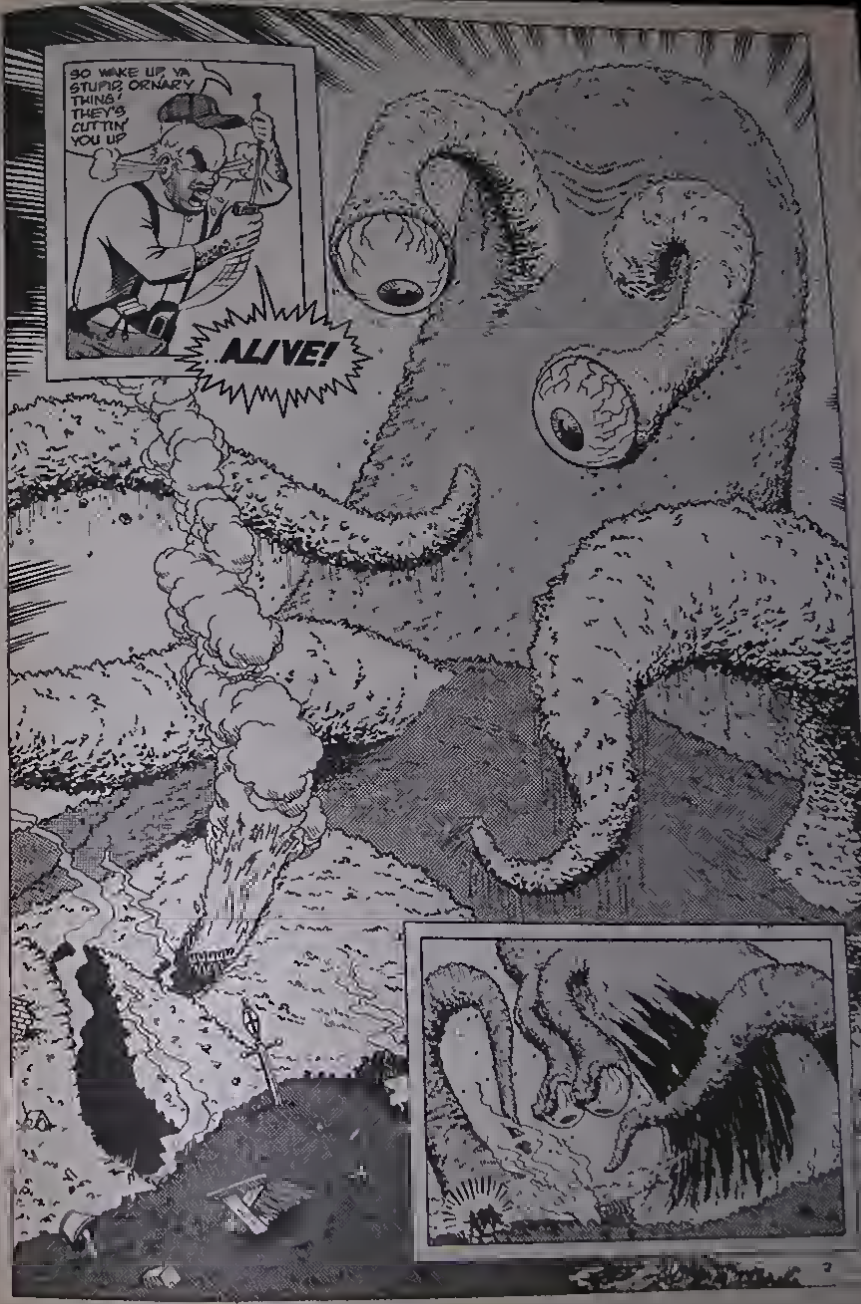

YOU
ARE OUT
OF A JOB!


COME, BROTHERS LET US INSPECT WHERE WE SHALL ERECT OUR NEW PARKING LOT
DON'T FORGET THE FLOWER BEDS! I PROMISED MY WIFE
AND THE MONUMENT! LET'S NOT NEGLECT THE MONUMENT TO THE BEAUTIFY OUR CITY COMMITTEE!
ASSHOLES!


I AIN'T LETTIN' 'EM GO THIS TIME. DUMP MAN'S GOTTA CODE. GOTTA LIVE BY IT.

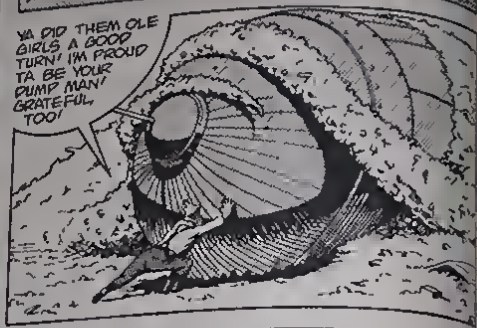

ONE. A DUMP MAN DON'T TAKE NO CRAP TWO A DUMP MAN WORKS FOR THE GOOD OF THE DUMP!


THREE WHATEVER GOES IN BELONGS TO THE DUMP.


SO WAKE UP, YA STUPID ORNARY THING! THEY'S CUTTIN' YOU UP
ALIVE!

ptooo!
YOU PIG!

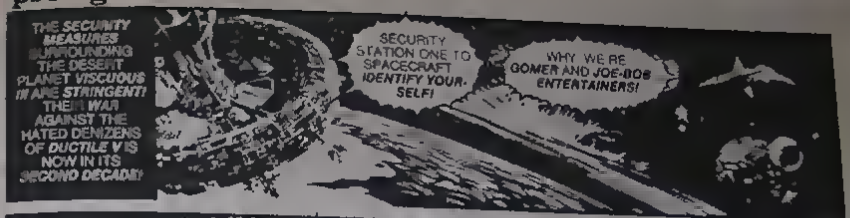
BUT I'M PROUD'A YA


YA DID THEM OLE GIRLS A GOOD TURN! I'M PROUD TA BE YOUR DUMP MAN! GRATEFUL, TOO!

SO'S THEM SLY OLE GIRLS

ALL DONE, LADIES THEY DION'T 'SPECT A THING.

DUMP MAN'S ALWAYS READY TA TAKE CARE 'A PEOPLES WASTE
ALWAYS.

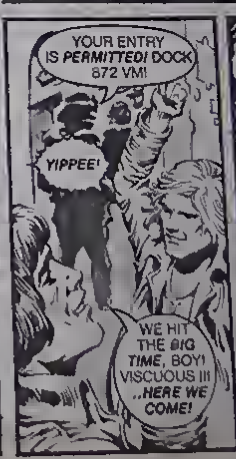

THE SECURITY MEASURES SURROUNDING THE DESERT PLANET VISCUOUS IN ARE STRINGENT! THE WAR AGAINST THE HATED DENIZENS OF DUCTILE V IS NOW IN ITS SECOND DECADE!
SECURITY STATION ONE TO SPACECRAFT IDENTIFY YOURSELF!
WHY WE RE GOMER AND JOE-BOB ENTERTAINERS!

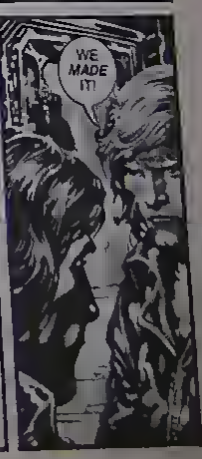
ALL SHIPS THAT WISH ENTRY TO THE SURFACE MUST SUBMIT TO A SEARCH AT THE GATE OF THE HIGH-ENERGY FIELD THAT RIMS THE PLANET, SHIELDING IT FROM HOSTILE MISSILES!
STATE YOUR BUSINESS ON VISCUOUS !!!
TO DELIGHT MILLIONS WITH OUR ZANY ANTICS!

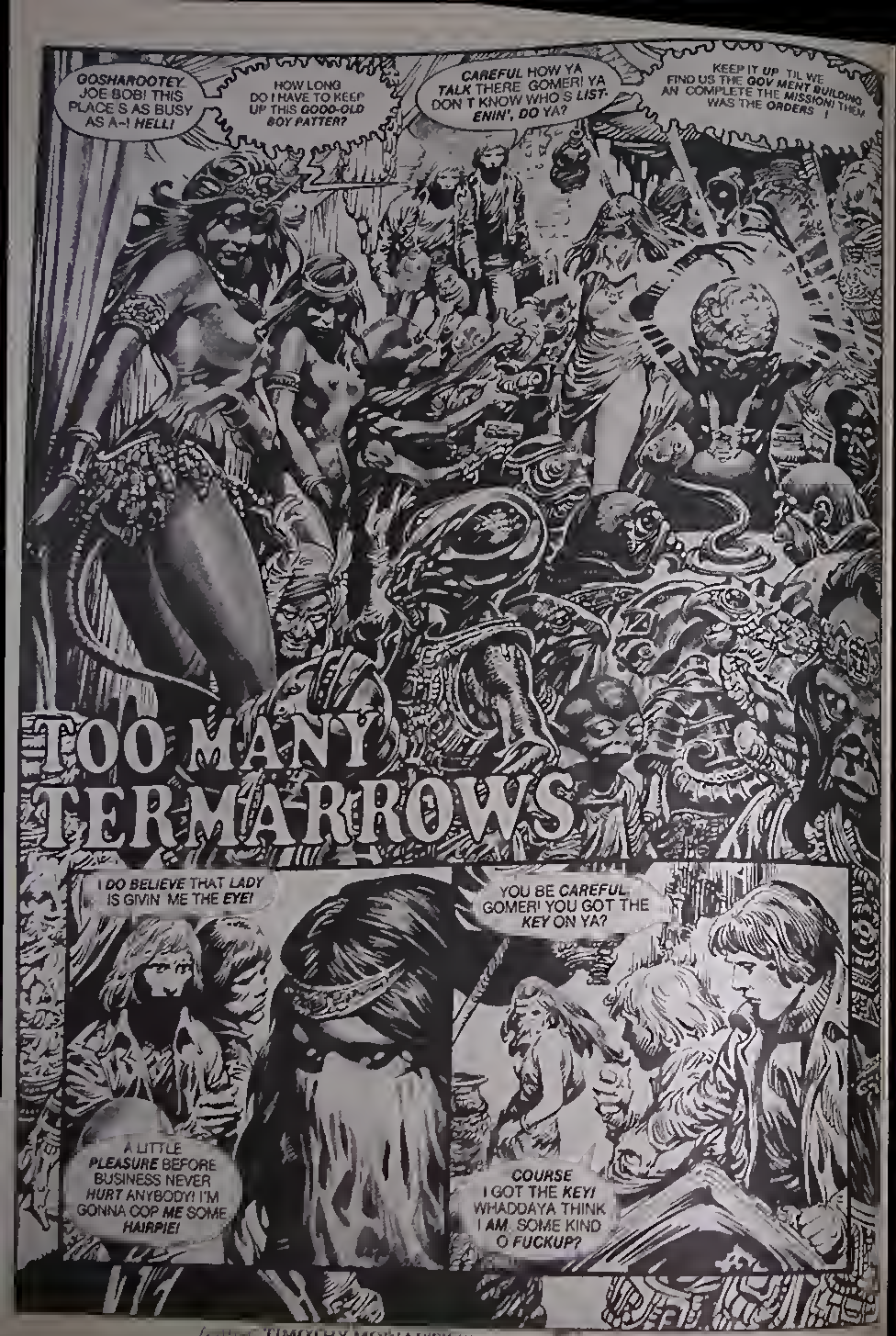
PREPARE TO RECEIVE OUR SEARCH PARTY!
HELLS BELLS, BOYS! COME ON OVER!

YOUR DOCUMENTS ARE IN ORDER! OUR SEARCH HAS REVEALED PERMISSIBLE HAND WEAPONS, NOTHING MORE! NOW OPEN UP THAT LAST CARRYING CASE!
GLAD TO! THIS HERE'S OUR BREAD AND BUTTER!

AIN'T THEY ADORABLE? THIS'S THE GALAXY'S ONE AND ONLY FLEA AN TIC CIRCUS!
BIG EN R TAINMENT IN A WEENSY L'IL PACKAGE!


YOUR ENTRY IS PERMITTED! DOCK 872 VM!
YIPPEE!
WE HIT THE BIG TIME, BOY! VISCUOUS !!! ..HERE WE COME!

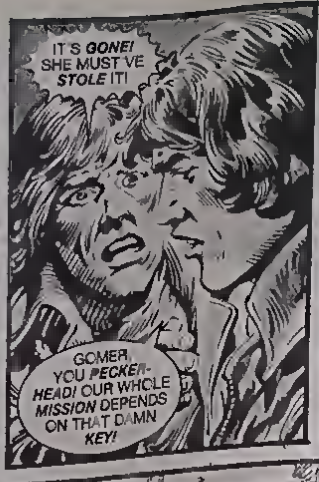

WE MADE IT!



Author: TIMOTHY MORIARTY/Illustrator: VIC CATAN

A VISCOUS WOMAN WANTS ME! WOW!
YEARS FROM NOW I'LL LOOK BACK ON THIS AND SHIT A BRICK!
ENTER, HOMO SAPIENS! I HAVE ALWAYS WANTED A MAN! A MAN LIKE YOU!
THIS MUST BE YOUR LUCKY DAY! I'M YOURS!
M-M-M-M-M!
HER FRAGRANCE IS THAT OF A DAWN MEADOW, HER BODY AS LITHE AND SINUOUS AS AN ELECTRIC EEL! GOMER IS ENVELOPED IN A FLESH-TENT OF PULSING, POUNDING JUNGLE LOVE! BUT THE KICKER IS
BUT WHEN GOMER RISES AGAIN !
THE KEY! IT'S GONE! AND THE WOMAN TOO!
T-THE MISSION! AWWW WOW! JOE BOB'S GONNA LOP MY BALLS OFF FOR THIS!
HER LOVE CUP TICKLES HIM! IT'S A UNIQUE SENSATION THAT HAS GOMER BY TURNS LAUGHING, CRYING, AND SLAPPING HIMSELF...ULTIMATELY LEAVING HIM IN A DIZZY DELIRIOUS STATE OF SEMI-CONSCIOUSNESS!

JOE-BOB! JOE BOY! DID YOU SEE HER? HAVE YOU SEEN THAT WOMAN?
NAW! WHY SHOULD--? WAIT A MINUTE! YOU AIN'T GOT THE KEY AROUND YER NECK!


IT'S GONE! SHE MUST'VE STOLE IT!
GOMER, YOU PECKER-HEAD! OUR WHOLE MISSION DEPENDS ON THAT DAMN KEY!

CAREFUL, JOE-BOB! YA NEVER KNOW WHO MIGHT BE LISTENIN'!
WE GOTTA FIND THAT BITCH, DAMN IT! WE'VE GOT TO!

THERE SHE IS! SHE'S GETTIN' AWAY!

TAKE FIVE, CHAMP!
SORRY ABOUT THIS, PAL, BUT WE'VE GOT TO BORROW YOUR NAG!
K-BUNK!
BUNFF!

RAZZZZ!
HEEYAH!
MAY YOUR MOTHER BE GANG-HUMPED BY A THOUSAND LEPERS, YOU WORM-EATING MONKEY FUCKING PUS BUNNIES! MAY YOUR JOY-STICKS SHRIVEL TO-

FOR *HOURS*, THE INTEPID PAIR *PURSUE* THE MYSTERY WOMAN ACROSS THE SCORCHING *DESERT SANDS*...

WHAT'S *SHE* WANT WITH THE *KEY?* IT'S *PRETTY*, SURE, BUT IT'S NOT *PRECIOUS* OR ANYTHING!

WELL, IT'S PRECIOUS TO *US!* WE'VE GOT TO HAVE IT *BACK!*

SHE MAY NOT EVEN *KNOW* WE'RE *AFTER* HER!

SHE'S HEADING FOR THAT *TENT!* WE'VE *GOT* HER *NOW!*

WHOAA, DAMMIT! *WHOAA!*

WE'RE ON *FOREIGN SOIL* HERE, MY FRIEND! IF WE GO *BARGING* IN THERE *FULL BLAST*, WE'RE LIABLE TO GET OUR *PUTZES PUNCHED* FOR US ...AND WE'LL *NEVER COMPLETE* THE *MISSION!*

BETTER TO WAIT FOR *DARKNESS!*

AFTER *SUNSET*, GOMER AND JOE-BOB *TETHER* THEIR BEAST BEHIND A *SAND DUNE*...

HOIK!

AWWK!

CHUK!

CREEP UP *BEHIND* THE *GUARDS*, AND SILENTLY SEND THEM TO *HELL!*

OH!

GOD!

SLIDING UNDER THE TENT BASE, THEY GAZE *WITHIN*...AND ARE *AWESTRUCK!*

THE TENT IS *CARPETED* IN GENTLY ROLLING MOUNDS OF SULTRY *WOMAN-FLESH!* TO THE PLAINTIVE PLUNKING OF A STRINGED *VIBRO-VIO*, THE SILKY-SMOOTH KITTENS *LOUNGE* IN HOOKAH INDUCED *LANGUOR*, GIGGLING, NUZZLING, POUTING AND *DREAMING* THE EXCUISITE *DREAMS* OF THE *PAMPERED!*

DO YOU *SEE* HER?

WHO?

THE WOMAN THAT *STOLE* THE *KEY!*

UHMMMM *NO!*

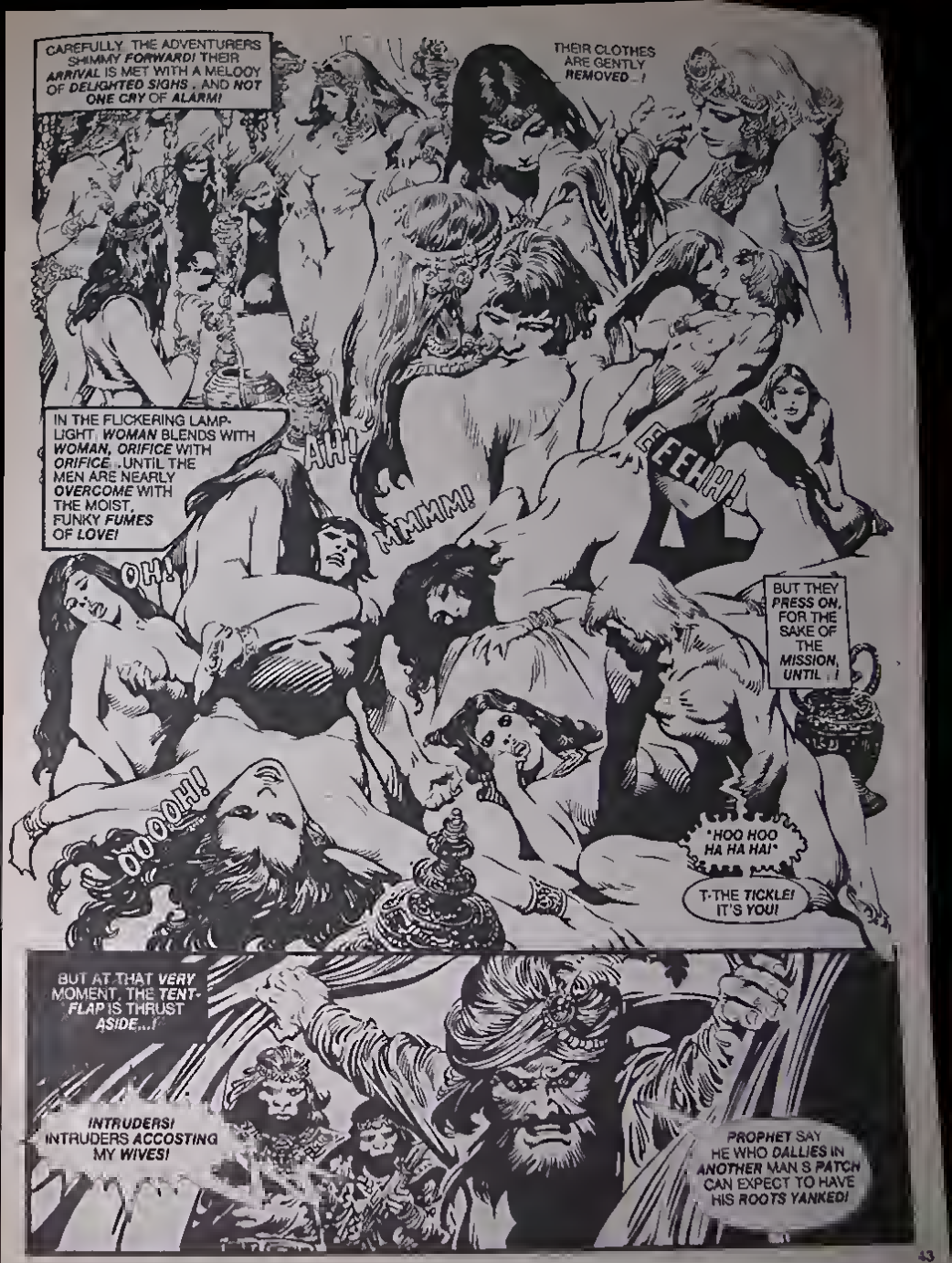
WE GOTTA FIND THAT *KEY!*

KEY...?

FEEL FOR A WOMAN WITH A *TICKLE* INSIDE... IF YOU KNOW WHAT I *MEAN!*

NOT SURE I *DO!*

THE WOMAN WE WANT HER *PUSSY TICKLES!* JUST *FUCK* EM TILL YOU *FIND* HER!


CAREFULLY, THE ADVENTURERS SHIMMY FORWARD! THEIR ARRIVAL IS MET WITH A MELODY OF DELIGHTED SIGHS, AND NOT ONE CRY OF ALARM!
THEIR CLOTHES ARE GENTLY REMOVED...!
IN THE FLICKERING LAMP-LIGHT, WOMAN BLENDS WITH WOMAN, ORIFICE WITH ORIFICE...UNTIL THE MEN ARE NEARLY OVERCOME WITH THE MOIST, FUNKY FUMES OF LOVE!
AH!
M-MMM!
EEEH!
OH!
BUT THEY PRESS ON, FOR THE SAKE OF THE MISSION, UNTIL...!
O-O-OH!
"HOO HOO HA HA HA!"
T-THE TICKLE! IT'S YOU!
BUT AT THAT VERY MOMENT, THE TENT-FLAP IS THRUST ASIDE...!
INTRUDERS! INTRUDERS ACCOSTING MY WIVES!
PROPHET SAY HE WHO DALLIES IN ANOTHER MAN'S PATCH CAN EXPECT TO HAVE HIS ROOTS YANKED!

RAPE! THEY RAPED ME HUSBAND!
CONK!
HORRIBLE MEN! KILL THEM, HUSBAND! PLUCK THEIR EENTSY JEWELS OUT!
I KNOW WHO YOU ARE, YOU TWO!
I KNOW THAT YOU ARE MERCENARIES, HIRED BY THE WARMONGERS ON DUCTILE TO DELIVER A WEAPON THAT WILL ANNIHILATE OUR PLANET!
THIS INFORMATION REACHED US TOO LATE TO STOP YOU AT OUR ENERGY SHIELD IN SPACE!
I INSTRUCTED MY WIFE, LAUGHALA TO LURE YOU OUT OF THE CITY, WHERE IT WILL BE SAFE TO DISARM IT!
YOU WILL NOW DISARM THE WEAPON OR I WILL FEED YOU YOUR DICKS!
I KNOW THERE WILL BE NO TREACHERY! MEN OF YOUR ILK ARE TOO COWARDLY TO TAKE YOUR OWN LIVES!
WE WILL DO AS YOU SAY, OH PORTLY ONE! BUT MAY WE FIRST COVER OUR NAKEDNESS?
BY ALL MEANS DO! MY STOMACH HEAVES AT THE SIGHT OF YOU!
THEIR CLOTHES ARE SUMMARILY BROUGHT THEM! TAKING PACKETS HIDDEN IN THE LINING OF THEIR SHIRTS, GOMER AND JOE-BOB SPRING TWO HIDDEN MECHANISMS...
AND INSTANTLY ARE CLOTHED IN AIR-TIGHT SUITS!
FFOOSHSH!
FFUSHSH!
HUSBAND, THOSE ARE NOT THE GARMENTS THAT THEY HAD BEFORE...!
SOME ONE! STOP THEM!
HASTILY, GOMER USES THE KEY AND A SECRET SEQUENCE TO OPEN THE CASE...!

THE FLEA AND TIC CIRCUS *ACTUALLY* CONTAINS *MILLIONS* OF TINY *TERMARROWS*...

LET'S *SHOW* EM THE *WEAPON*, *SHALL* WE JOE-BOB ?

YES! LET'S *DO*, GOMER!

THE *UNIQUE INSECTS* RECENTLY *DISCOVERED* ON THE PLANET *GELATINOUS!*

TERMARROWS ARE *BONE TERMITES!* THEY *DEVOUR BONE* AND *MARROW* JUST AS *TERMITES EAT WOOD!* AND THEIR *REPRODUCTIVE CAPACITIES* ARE SUCH THAT, EVEN AS THEY *FEED*, THEY ARE *LAYING EGGS*, WHICH *HATCH* BUT MOMENTS *LATER!*

IN *SECONDS*, THE TERMARROWS WORK THEIR WAY *INSIDE* THE *SHEIK*, HIS *HAREM*, AND HIS *GUARDS*...AND HUNGRILY *GOBBLE* THEIR *SKELETONS*, REDUCING THEM TO *OOZING PUDDLES* OF *FORMLESS GORE!*

AS THE DIVE-BOMBING BLACK CLOUD OF *GNAWING DEATH* SPREADS OVER THE SURFACE OF *VISCUOUS III*, TWO *WEARY MERCENARIES* MAKE THEIR WAY THROUGH THE *AGONY* AND *PANDEMONIUM*. .*WEARY*, YET *PROUD* OF A JOB *WELL DONE!*

HEAGHGH!

IF YOU HADN'T GONE OFF IN PURSUIT OF THAT *PUSSY*, THIS JOB WOULD HAVE BEEN REAL *SMOOTH* AND *PROFESSIONAL!*

AWW, JOE-BOB YOU'VE GOT TO LEARN TO *RELAX!*

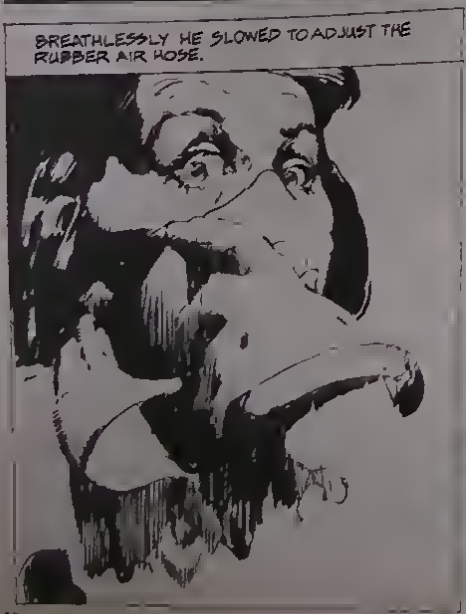
LET'S *SHAKE IT!* WE'VE GOT SOME PRIME *LOOTING* TO DO!

EEEE!

DEAD RUN

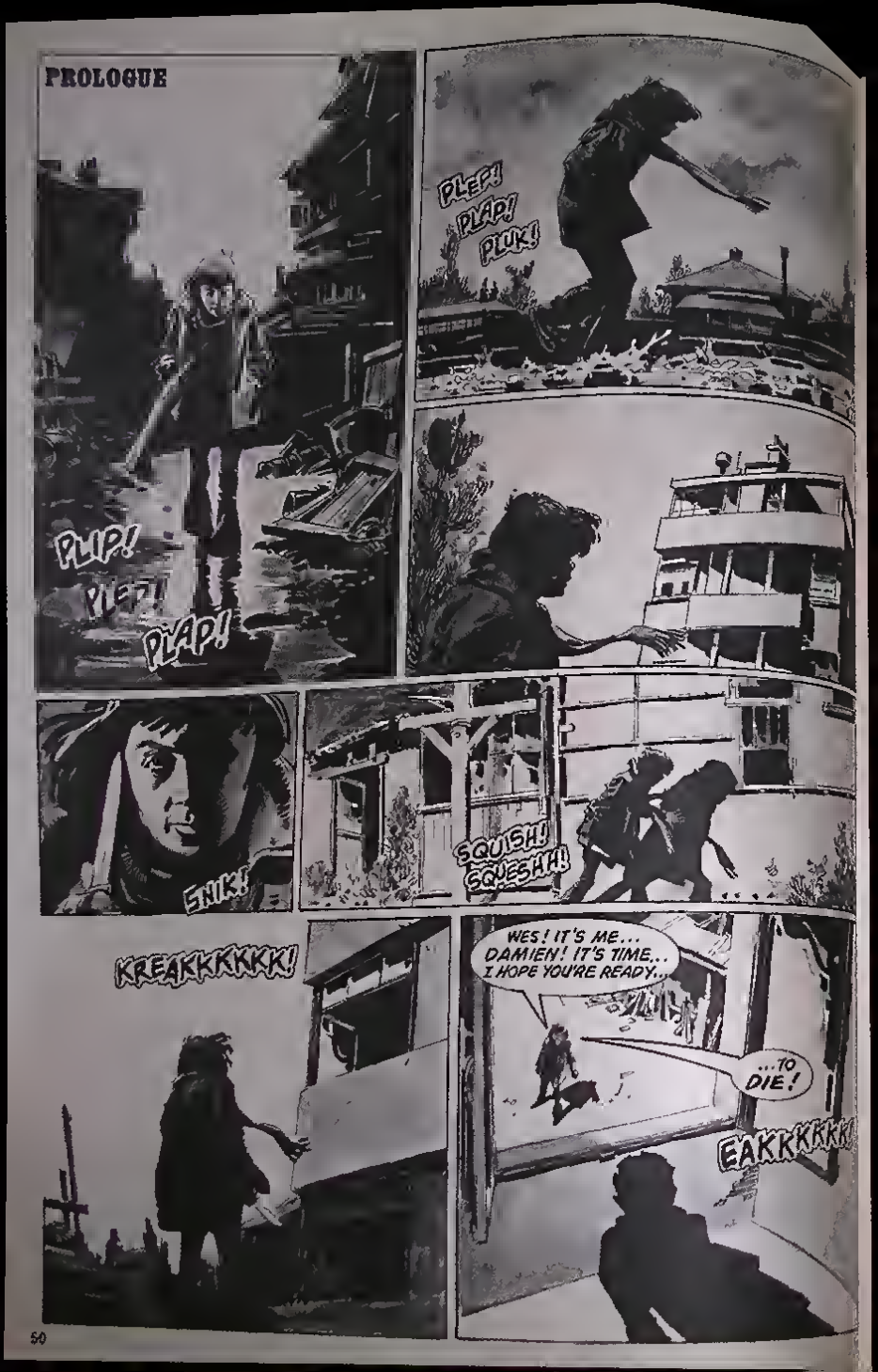
THE STARS WERE FADING AROUND HIM AND HE COULDN'T REMEMBER WHY.

AND NOW A TERROR WAS STALKING HIM AND CLOSING IN FAST. ALTHOUGH HE COULDN'T SEE IT YET, ITS CHOKING PRESENCE GRIPPED HIS CHEST



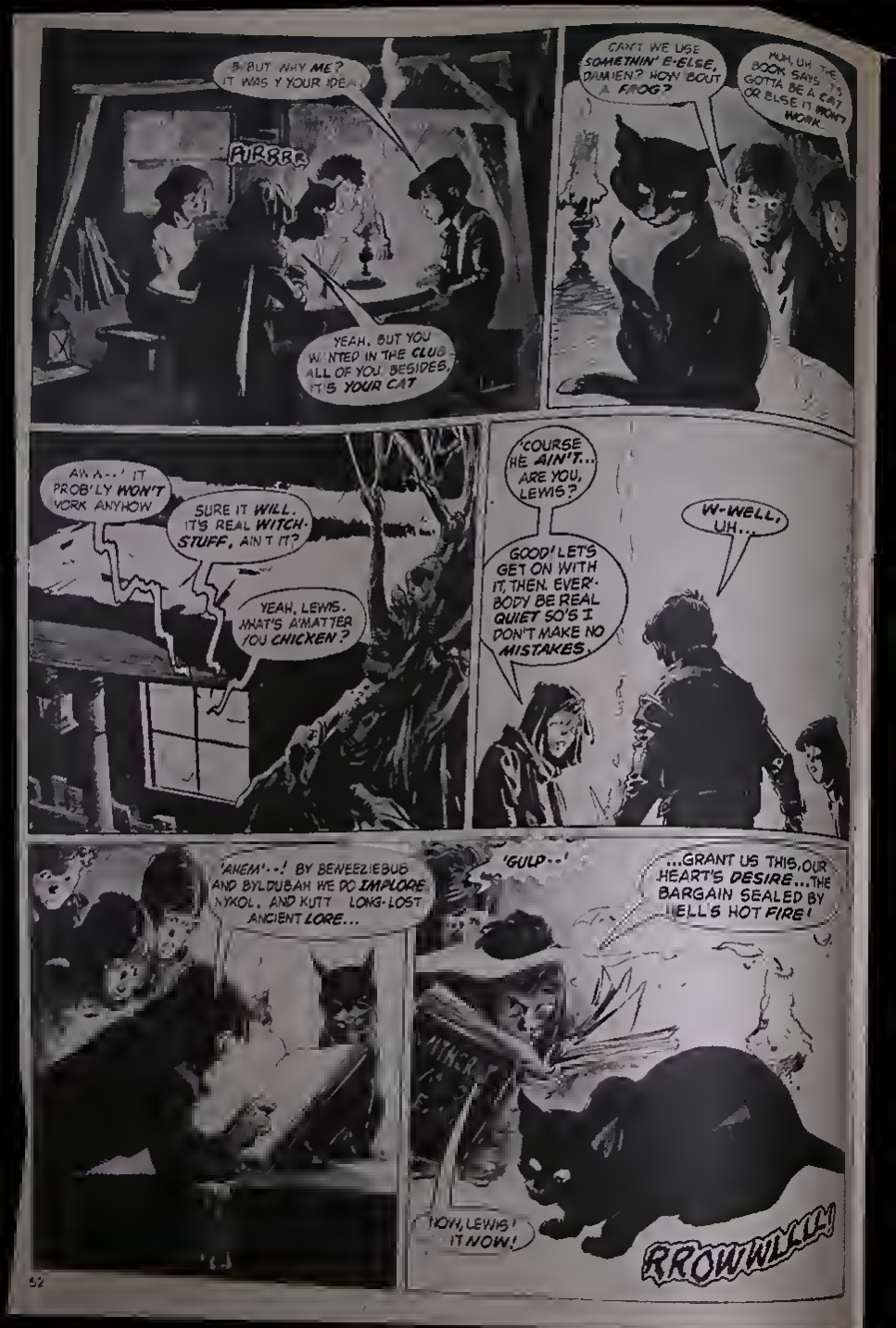
HIS HEAD REELED AS HE GULPED AIR
BUT IT WAS NOT THERE
YOU THINK ABOUT IT THAT'LL MAKE YOUR BONES COLD AND THINGS THAT WOULD TAKE YOUR BREATH AWAY.
THE STARS GREW EVEN DIMMER, AND THE LANDSCAPE BLURRED BEFORE HIS EYES
AND NOW HE COULD GO NO FURTHER IN THE END IT WOULD ALWAYS SHOW ITSELF
FINALLY COMING INTO VIEW—
INEVITABLY—
JUST AS HIS AIR RAN OUT

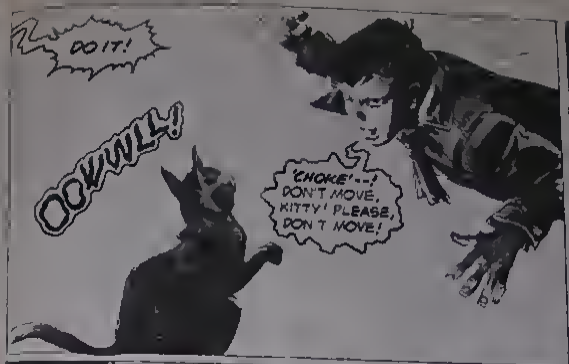
!!!
SIKK
UH-- WANNA HIT?

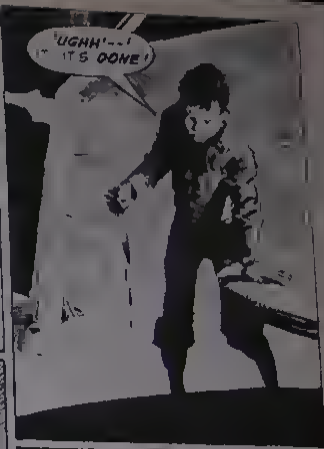

PROLOGUE
PLIP!
PLEP!
PLAP!
PLEP!
PLAP!
PLUK!
SNIK!
SQUISH!
SQUESHH!
KREAKKKKK!
WES! IT'S ME... DAMIEN! IT'S TIME... I HOPE YOU'RE READY...
...TO DIE!
EAKKKKKK!

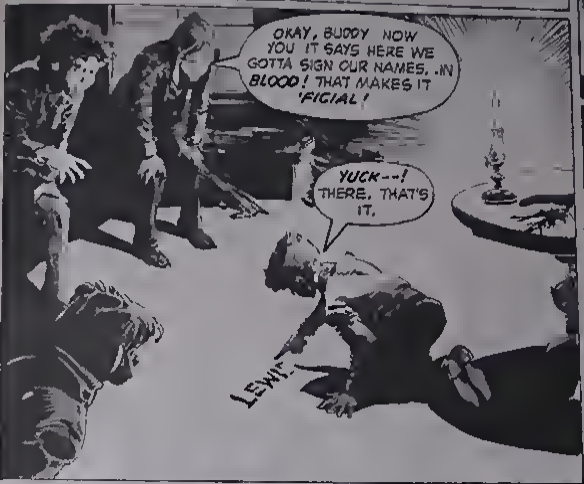
SACRIFICE

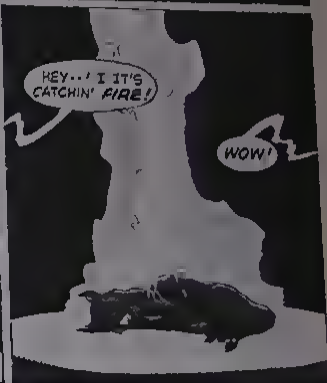
STORY ROGER McKENZIE ART [illegible]

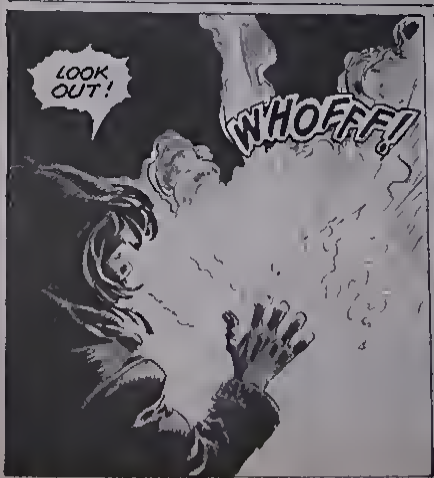

B-BUT WHY ME? IT WAS Y YOUR IDEA!
PURRRR
YEAH, BUT YOU W NTED IN THE CLUB ALL OF YOU. BESIDES, IT'S YOUR CAT
CAN'T WE USE SOMETHIN' E-ELSE, DAMIEN? HOW 'BOUT A FROG?
NUH, UH THE BOOK SAYS IT GOTTA BE A CAT OR ELSE IT WON'T WORK.
AW A--' IT PROB'LY WON'T YORK ANYHOW
SURE IT WILL. IT'S REAL WITCH-STUFF, AIN'T IT?
YEAH, LEWIS. WHAT'S A'MATTER YOU CHICKEN?
'COURSE HE AIN'T... ARE YOU, LEWIS?
GOOD! LET'S GET ON WITH IT, THEN. EVER-BODY BE REAL QUIET SO'S I DON'T MAKE NO MISTAKES.
W-WELL, UH...
'AHEM'--! BY BEWEEZIEBUB AND BYLDUBAH WE DO IMPLORE, NYKOL, AND KUTT LONG-LOST ANCIENT LORE...
'GULP--'
...GRANT US THIS, OUR HEART'S DESIRE...THE BARGAIN SEALED BY HELL'S HOT FIRE!
NOW, LEWIS! IT NOW!
RROWWLLLH!

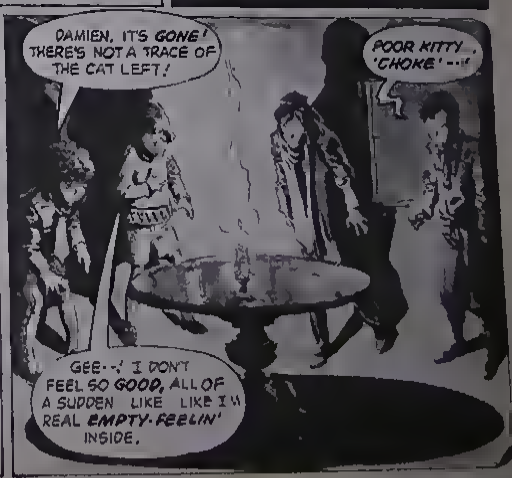

DO IT!
OOKWLL!
'CHOKE'--! DON'T MOVE, KITTY! PLEASE, DON'T MOVE!

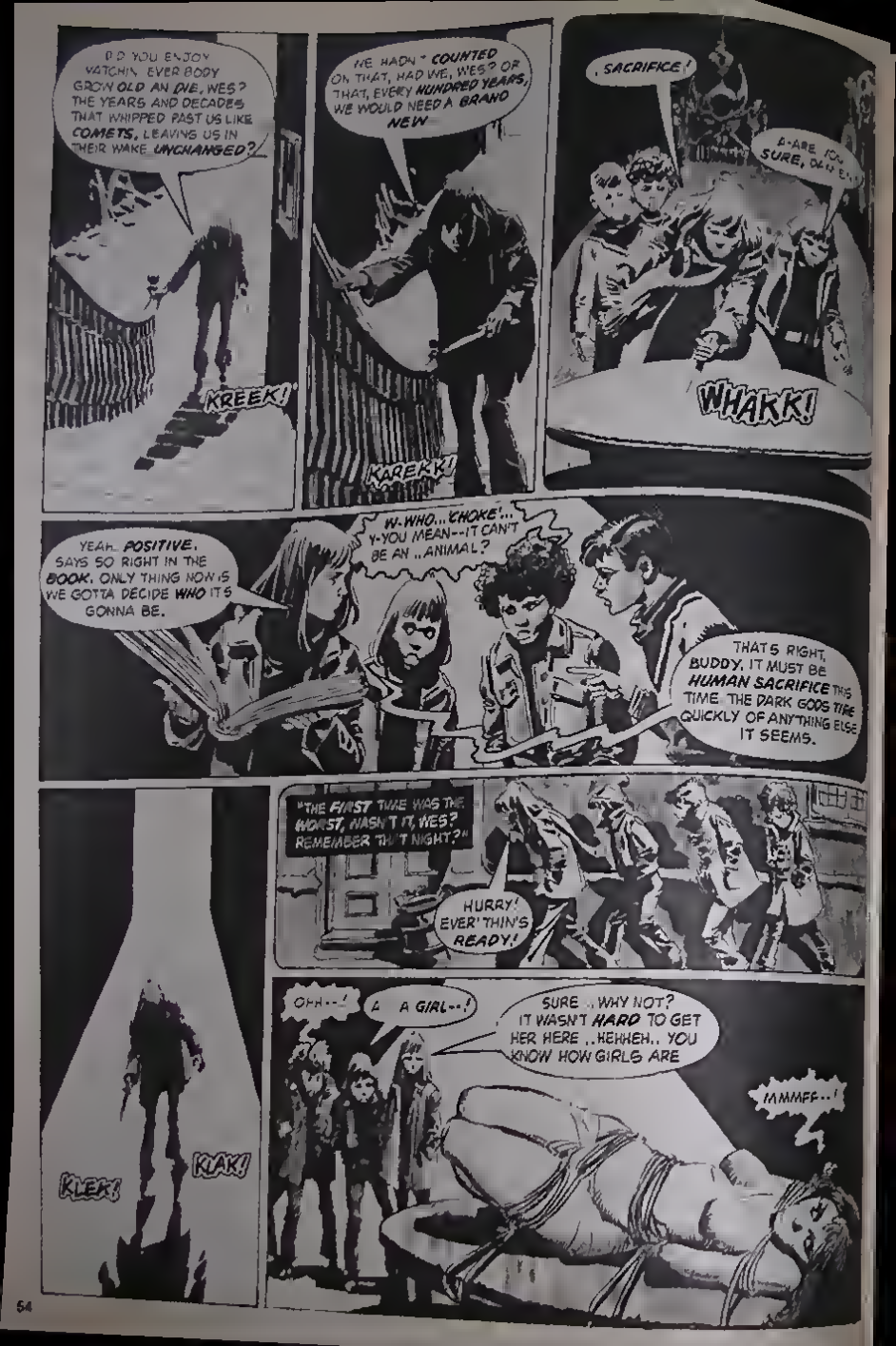

'UGHH'--! IT'S GONE!

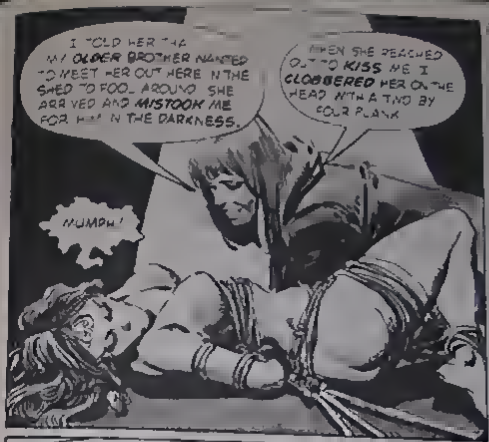

OKAY, BUDDY NOW YOU IT SAYS HERE WE GOTTA SIGN OUR NAMES, .IN BLOOD! THAT MAKES IT 'FICIAL!
YUCK--! THERE, THAT'S IT.
LEWI

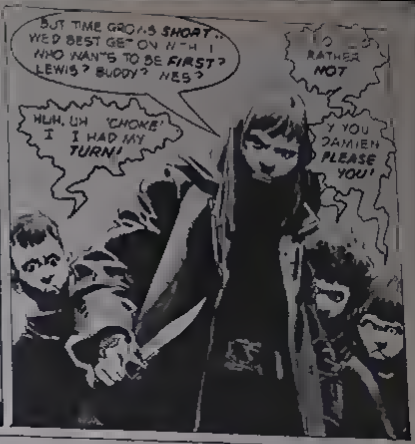

HEY--! I IT'S CATCHIN' FIRE!
WOW!

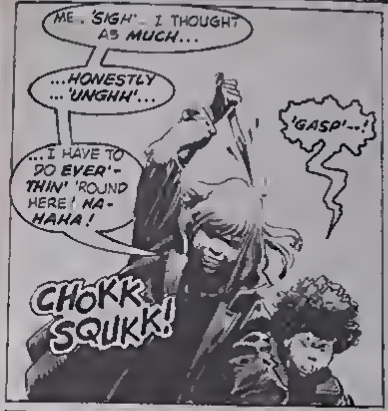

LOOK OUT!
WHOFFF!

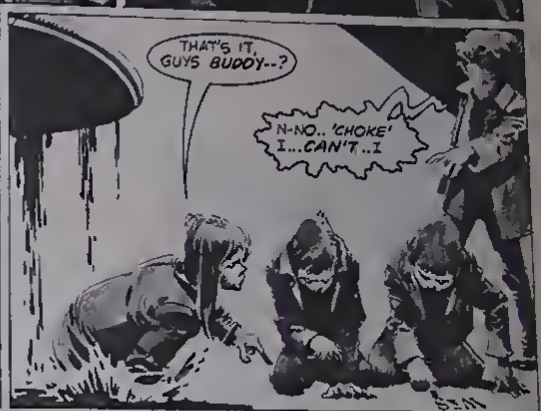

DAMIEN, IT'S GONE! THERE'S NOT A TRACE OF THE CAT LEFT!
POOR KITTY... 'CHOKE'--!
GEE--! I DON'T FEEL SO GOOD, ALL OF A SUDDEN LIKE LIKE I'M REAL EMPTY-FEELIN' INSIDE.

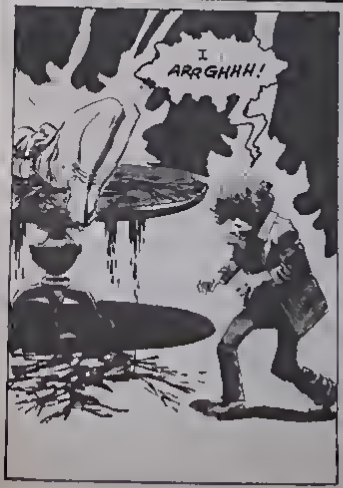

DO YOU ENJOY WATCHIN' EVER BODY GROW OLD AN DIE, WES? THE YEARS AND DECADES THAT WHIPPED PAST US LIKE COMETS, LEAVING US IN THEIR WAKE UNCHANGED?
KREEK!
WE HADN'T COUNTED ON THAT, HAD WE, WES? OR THAT, EVERY HUNDRED YEARS, WE WOULD NEED A BRAND NEW
KAREKK!
SACRIFICE!
A-ARE FOR SURE, OLD ED!
WHAKK!
YEAH... POSITIVE. SAYS SO RIGHT IN THE BOOK. ONLY THING NOW IS WE GOTTA DECIDE WHO IT'S GONNA BE.
W-WHO...'CHOKE'... Y-YOU MEAN--IT CAN'T BE AN ..ANIMAL?
THAT'S RIGHT, BUDDY. IT MUST BE HUMAN SACRIFICE THIS TIME. THE DARK GODS TIRE QUICKLY OF ANYTHING ELSE IT SEEMS.
KLEK!
KLAK!
"THE FIRST TIME WAS THE WORST, WASN'T IT, WES? REMEMBER THAT NIGHT?"
HURRY! EVER'THIN'S READY!
OHH--!
A GIRL--!
SURE .. WHY NOT? IT WASN'T HARD TO GET HER HERE ..HEHHEH.. YOU KNOW HOW GIRLS ARE
MMMFF--!


I TOLD HER THA
MY OLDER BROTHER WANTED
TO MEET HER OUT HERE IN THE
SHED TO FOOL AROUND SHE
ARRIVED AND MISTOOK ME
FOR HIM IN THE DARKNESS.
WHEN SHE REACHED
OUT TO KISS ME I
CLOBBERED HER ON THE
HEAD WITH A TWO BY
FOUR PLANK
MUMPH!

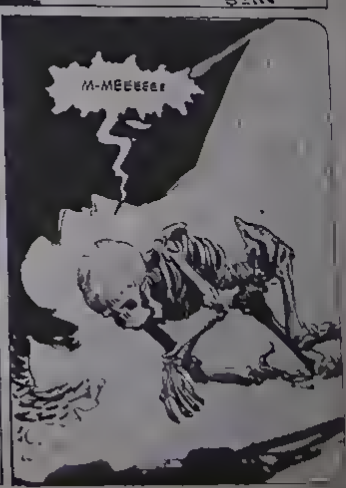

BUT TIME GROWS SHORT..
WE'D BEST GET ON WITH I
WHO WANTS TO BE FIRST?
LEWIS? BUDDY? NES?
I'D RATHER NOT
HUH. UH 'CHOKE'
I I HAD MY TURN!
Y YOU DAMIEN PLEASE YOU!

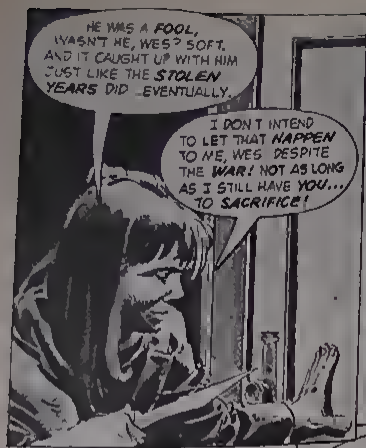

ME.. 'SIGH'.. I THOUGHT AS MUCH...
...HONESTLY ...'UNGHH'...
...I HAVE TO 'DO EVER'-THIN' 'ROUND HERE! HA-HAHA!
'GASP'--!
CHOKK SQUKK!

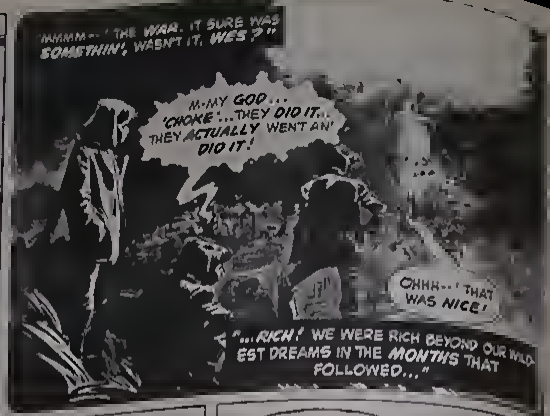

THAT'S IT, GUYS BUDDY--?
N-NO.. 'CHOKE' I...CAN'T..I

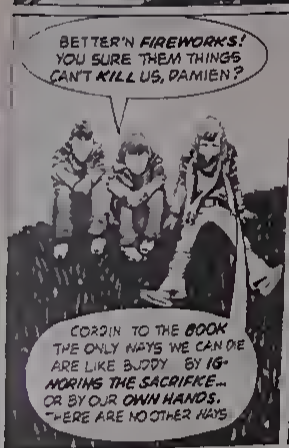

I ARRGHHH!

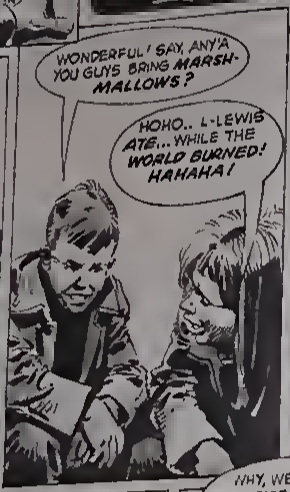
W-WHAT'S HAPPENING...TO
B-BUDDY BROKE THE PACT! UGH! LOOKIT IM!

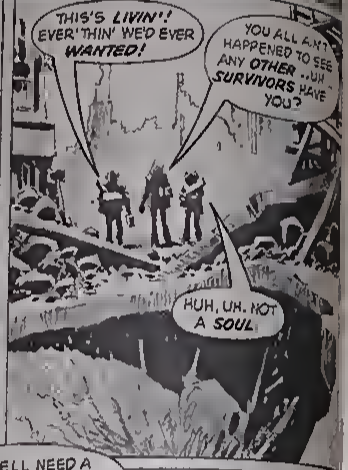

M-MEEEEEE

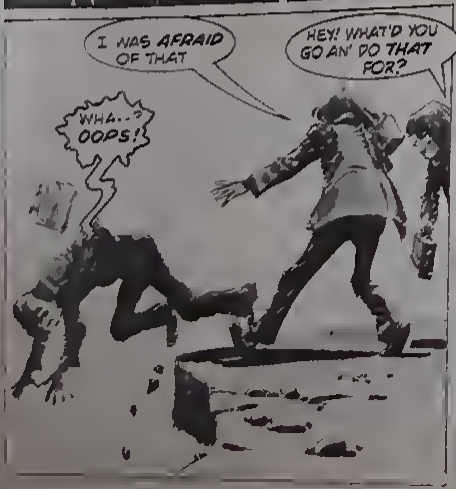

HE WAS A FOOL, WASN'T HE, WES? SOFT, AND IT CAUGHT UP WITH HIM JUST LIKE THE STOLEN YEARS DID EVENTUALLY.
I DON'T INTEND TO LET THAT HAPPEN TO ME, WES DESPITE THE WAR! NOT AS LONG AS I STILL HAVE YOU... TO SACRIFICE!

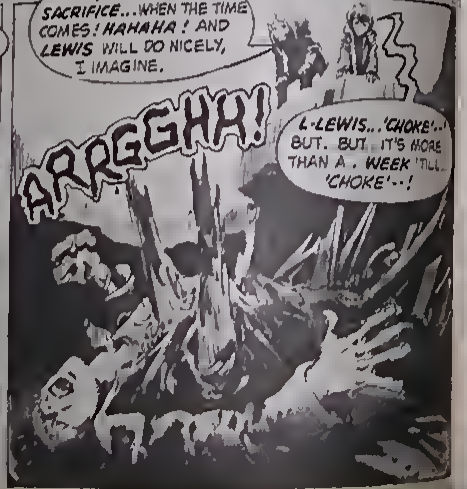

'MMMM--' THE WAR. IT SURE WAS SOMETHIN', WASN'T IT, WES?"
M-MY GOD... 'CHOKE'...THEY DID IT... THEY ACTUALLY WENT AN' DID IT!
OHHH--' THAT WAS NICE!
"...RICH! WE WERE RICH BEYOND OUR WILDEST DREAMS IN THE MONTHS THAT FOLLOWED..."


BETTER'N FIREWORKS! YOU SURE THEM THINGS CAN'T KILL US, DAMIEN?
CORDIN TO THE BOOK THE ONLY WAYS WE CAN DIE ARE LIKE BUDDY BY IGNORING THE SACRIFICE... OR BY OUR OWN HANDS. THERE ARE NO OTHER WAYS

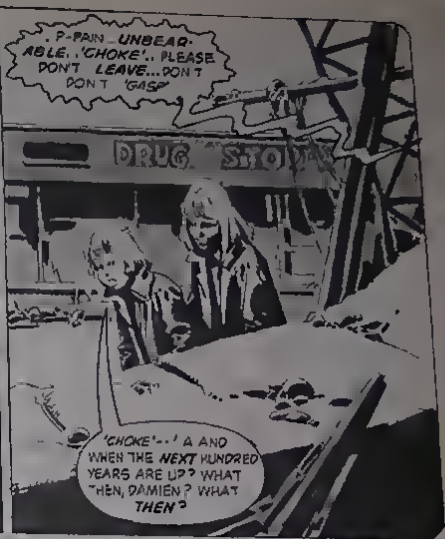

WONDERFUL! SAY, ANY'A YOU GUYS BRING MARSHMALLOWS?
HOHO.. L-LEWIS ATE... WHILE THE WORLD BURNED! HAHAHA!

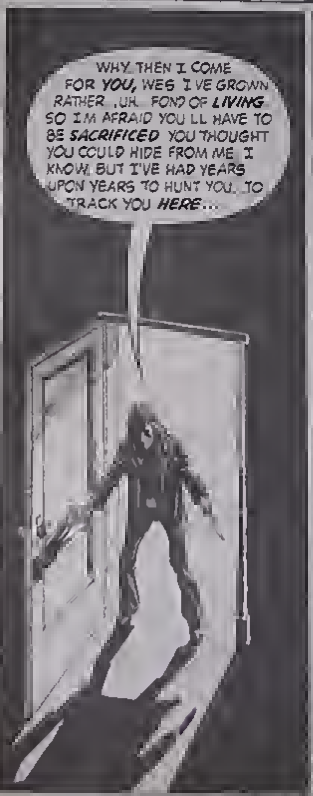

THIS'S LIVIN'! EVER'THIN' WE'D EVER WANTED!
YOU ALL AIN'T HAPPENED TO SEE ANY OTHER SURVIVORS HAVE YOU?
HUH, UH. NOT A SOUL.


I WAS AFRAID OF THAT
HEY! WHAT'D YOU GO AN' DO THAT FOR?
WHA--? OOPS!

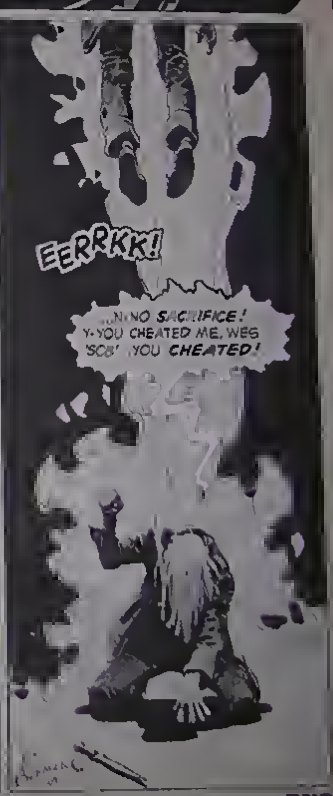

WHY, WE'LL NEED A SACRIFICE...WHEN THE TIME COMES! HAHAHA! AND LEWIS WILL DO NICELY, I IMAGINE.
ARRGGHH!
L-LEWIS...'CHOKE'-- BUT. BUT IT'S MORE THAN A WEEK 'TILL 'CHOKE'--!

P-PAIN 'CHOKE' HELP ME...
SO...? HE WON'T BE GOIN' ANYWHERE!


...P-PAIN...UNBEARABLE...'CHOKE'... PLEASE DON'T LEAVE...DON'T DON'T 'GASP'
DRUG STO
'CHOKE'...! A AND WHEN THE NEXT HUNDRED YEARS ARE UP? WHAT THEN, DAMIEN? WHAT THEN?

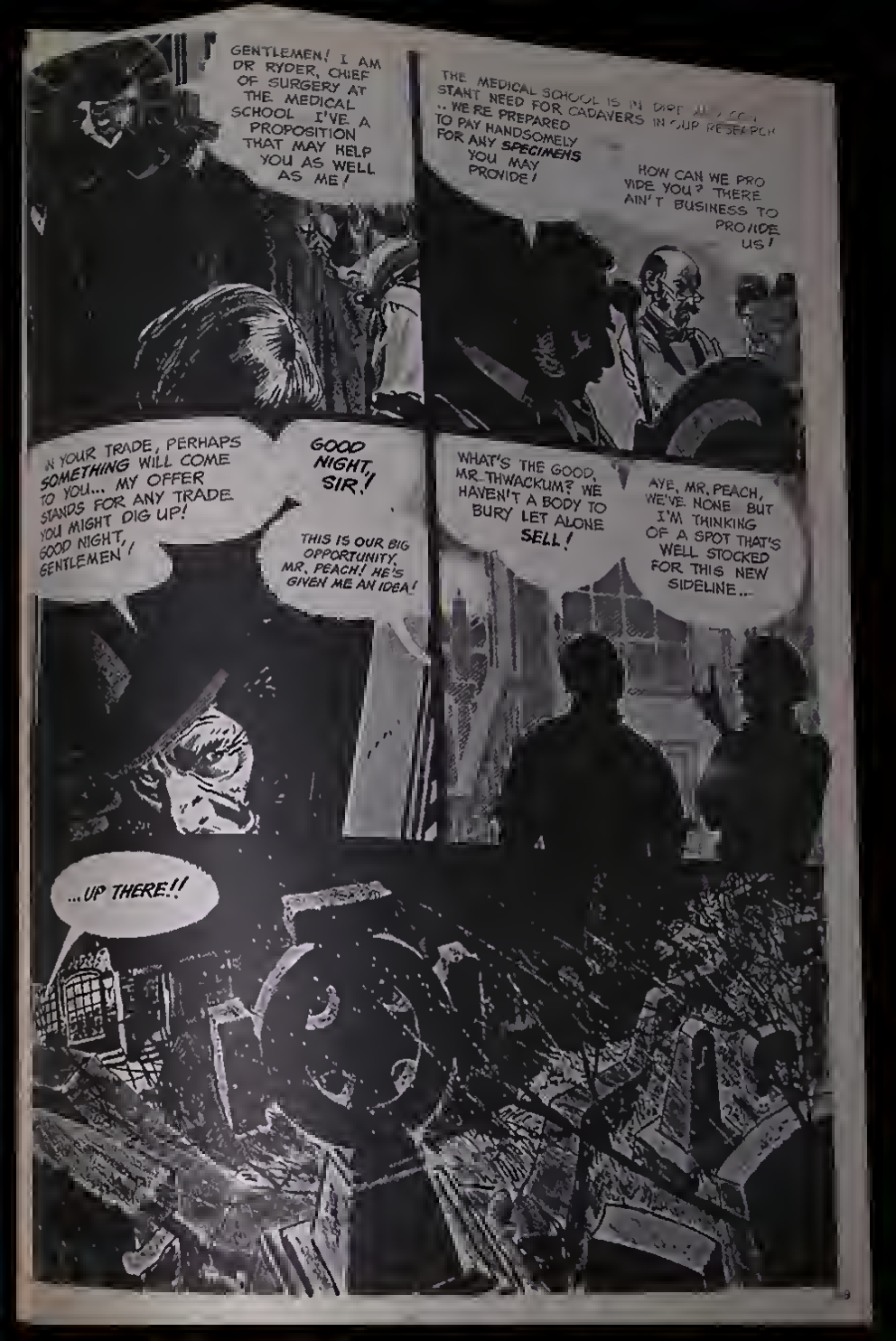

WHY, THEN I COME FOR YOU, WES I'VE GROWN RATHER...UH... FOND OF LIVING SO I'M AFRAID YOU'LL HAVE TO BE SACRIFICED YOU THOUGHT YOU COULD HIDE FROM ME I KNOW, BUT I'VE HAD YEARS UPON YEARS TO HUNT YOU...TO TRACK YOU HERE...

...AN THERE'S NOTHIN' YOU CAN DO TO STOP ME... HEHHEH...BECAUSE I'M STRONGER THAN YOU...AN' I CAN'T BE KILLED, WES, EXCEPT BY SUICIDE...
...O-OR... 'CHOKE'...
KREAKKK!


EERRKK!
...N-NO SACRIFICE! Y-YOU CHEATED ME, WES 'SOB' YOU CHEATED!

END

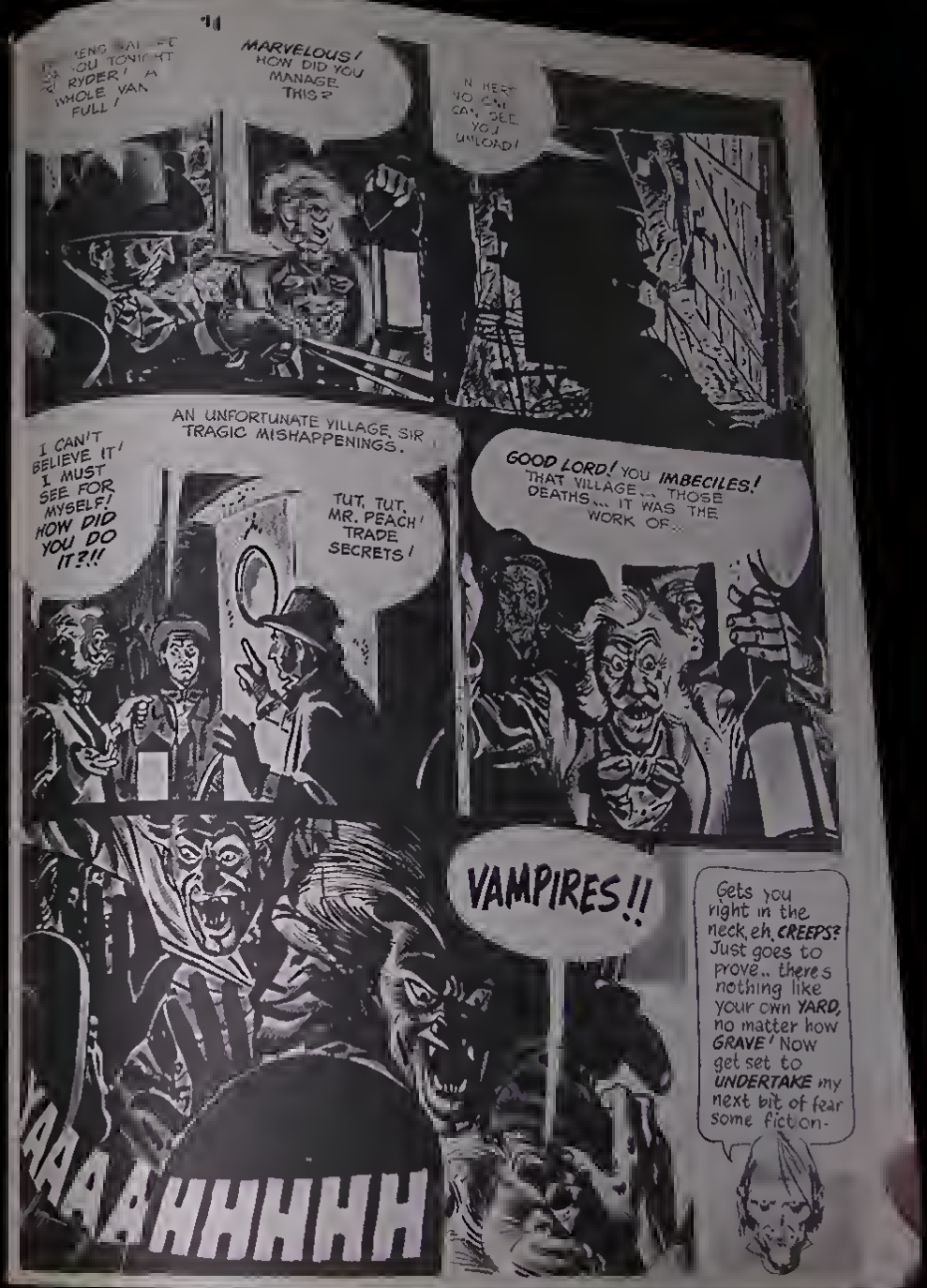
Grave Undertaking
Come now to Merry Olde England. It's the year 1820. The medical profession is making great strides forward.. In fact, it is about to overtake two gentlemen involved in a...
Alexander Toth
BUSINESS COULDN'T BE WORSE, MR PEACH! NOTHING BUT BILLS!
IT'S THE COMPETITION, MR THWACKUM! TWO UNDERTAKING ESTABLISHMENTS AND HARDLY DEATHS ENOUGH FOR ONE!
TODAY THEY BURIED RICH WIDOW BOGGS! SUCH A FINE SERVICE.. SUCH A SPLENDID CASKET.. SUCH A HANDSOME PROFIT!!
UNJUST, MR. PEACH! THEY GET ALL THE BUSINESS WHILE WE STRUGGLE TO SURVIVE!
A-HEM!


GENTLEMEN! I AM DR RYDER, CHIEF OF SURGERY AT THE MEDICAL SCHOOL I'VE A PROPOSITION THAT MAY HELP YOU AS WELL AS ME!
THE MEDICAL SCHOOL IS IN DIRE NEED OF CONSTANT NEED FOR CADAVERS IN OUR RESEARCH .. WE'RE PREPARED TO PAY HANDSOMELY FOR ANY SPECIMENS YOU MAY PROVIDE!
HOW CAN WE PROVIDE YOU? THERE AIN'T BUSINESS TO PROVIDE US!
IN YOUR TRADE, PERHAPS SOMETHING WILL COME TO YOU... MY OFFER STANDS FOR ANY TRADE YOU MIGHT DIG UP! GOOD NIGHT, GENTLEMEN!
GOOD NIGHT, SIR!
THIS IS OUR BIG OPPORTUNITY, MR. PEACH! HE'S GIVEN ME AN IDEA!
WHAT'S THE GOOD, MR. THWACKUM? WE HAVEN'T A BODY TO BURY LET ALONE SELL!
AYE, MR. PEACH, WE'VE NONE BUT I'M THINKING OF A SPOT THAT'S WELL STOCKED FOR THIS NEW SIDELINE...
...UP THERE!!

OO! WHAT A HEAVY ONE! (PUFF) DOCTORS'LL BE SUSPICIOUS IF WE'VE GRABBED ONE THAT'S TOO RIPE, MR THWACKUM!
THAT'S WHY I'VE PICKED WIDOW BOGGS, MR. PEACH. FRESH PUT AWAY TODAY!
AN' STILL WEARIN' ALL HER FINE JEWELS, MR. THWACKUM!
SHE'LL HAVE SCARCE USE FOR THOSE ON THE SURGEON'S TABLE!
WHAT'S THIS? MONSTERS! GHOULS!!
WOK
HE'S DEAD! COO, MR THWACKUM! WHAT'VE WE DONE?!
DONE, MR PEACH? WHY WE'VE DOUBLED OUR PROFIT, THAT'S WHAT WE'VE DONE!
WELL DONE, GENTLEMEN! TWO FINE SPECIMENS! MEDICAL SCIENCE IS ADVANCED AND YOU TURN A FINE PROFIT! KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK!

Encouraged by success, Thwackum and Peach rushed headlong into the resurrection business... and when nature was slow to produce the 'goods'...
...they found it easy to drum up trade...
DRINK UP, M FELLOW DRINK UP!
INNKEEP! MORE ALE!
THA' PLACE! SUMPIN'S QUEER THER'! ALWASH DYIN'! EVER' NIGHT! LASH NIGHT... SIX! GETTIN' OUT 'FORE I, DIE! NEVER GOIN' BACK! THASH RIGH'..
PITY! POOR FELLOW! LET'S DRINK ON THAT, MR. PEACH!
RIGHT YOU ARE! MORE ALE!!
EVER'BODY DIE! SIXSH MORE! NEV' GOIN'! DRING UP! MORE ALE! WHERE WE GOIN', GENTS?
STEADY! JUST A LITTLE FURTHER. EASY DOES IT!
EASY... DOES... IT!
ARRRGHHHKK!
HARD WORK, MR. PEACH! STRAINS THE HEART! AND EXPENSIVE.. ALL THAT MONEY FOR ALE! IF ONLY WE LIVED IN THIS FELLOW'S VILLAGE..
SIX DEAD LAST NIGHT! A RUDDY TREASURE, MR THWACKUM! NOT REALLY THAT FAR. COME DAWN I COULD HITCH UP THE VAN AND

BUT LOOK! WINDOWS, DOORS, BOLTED AND SHUTTERED TIGHT! THEY'RE AFRAID TO COME OUT, MR THWACKUM!
AND THE GRAVEYARD! UNWATCHED AND UNPROTECTED!
STILL LIGHT! DO YOU THINK SOMEONE FROM THE VILLAGE MIGHT... ?
AS YOU SAID. THEY'RE AFRAID TO COME OUT! IT'S A FIELD DAY, MR. PEACH... A FIELD DAY!
THIS IS THE LAST THAT CAN FIT IN YAN FULL AT 10 POUNDS A HEAD, MR THWACKUM!
A FINE DAY'S WORK, MR. PEACH!
WE'LL EMPTY RYDER'S PURSE WITH THIS LOT! SHOULD KEEP HIM AND MEDICAL SCIENCE BUSY FOR SOME TIME!


MARVELOUS! HOW DID YOU MANAGE THIS?
N HERE NO CAN DEE YOU UNLOAD!
AN UNFORTUNATE VILLAGE, SIR TRAGIC MISHAPPENINGS.
I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! I MUST SEE FOR MYSELF! HOW DID YOU DO IT?!!
TUT, TUT, MR. PEACH! TRADE SECRETS!
GOOD LORD! YOU IMBECILES! THAT VILLAGE... THOSE DEATHS... IT WAS THE WORK OF...
VAMPIRES!!
AAAAHHHHH
Gets you right in the neck, eh, CREEPS? Just goes to prove... there's nothing like your own YARD, no matter how GRAVE! Now get set to UNDERTAKE my next bit of fear some fiction-

TWO THOUSAND YEARS AGO, THE ROMANS INVADED THE CRUMBLING REMAINS OF THE ALREADY ANCIENT LAND OF EGYPT, AND ESTABLISHED A PROTECTORATE. BUT THEY WERE TO FIND IT A VERY UNEASY CONQUEST, FOR STRANGE BEINGS DWELT IN ITS SHADOWS, THINGS THAT WERE OLD WHEN THE WORLD WAS YOUNG... AND HERE A ROMAN FOUND LOVE AND DANGER BEYOND HIS WILDEST DREAMS, AS HE LEARNED THAT HE MUST SAVE HIS LIFE AND HIS LOVE BY TRYING...
TO KILL A GOD!
THE NEW ROMAN MILITARY GOVERNOR A RATHER YOUNG AND INEXPERIENCED MAN FOR SUCH A DELICATE ASSIGNMENT, FOUND ALMOST IMMEDIATELY UPON HIS ARRIVAL THAT A MERE GLANCE CAN CHANGE THE COURSE OF ONE'S LIFE AND, THOUGH HE DID NOT KNOW IT YET THE ENTIRE COURSE OF HISTORY...
wood
64
ART AND STORY BY WALLY WOOD

IN ONE VA TRANCE, THE ROMAN GOVERNOR RUSHED AFTER THE DEPARTED PRINCESS — AND SUDDENLY—
EEEE
EEEE!
GHAAA!
THE SHORT SWORD FLICKERED IN AND OUT IN THE GLOOM AND ONE OF THE GUARDS ATTACKERS FELL, HIS LIFE BLOOD SPURTING!
AARGH!
OH! THANK THE GODS—IT IS YOU, ROMAN!
AH GOD—THEY CAN BE KILLED FROM THEIR DEATHLY APPEARANCE I WAS NOT SURE THEY WERE MORTAL!
ROMAN! LOOK OUT BEHIND YOU!
HUNH!
BUT WHAT ARE THEY? I HAVE NEVER SEEN THEIR LIKE!
THEY ARE THE CREATURES AND CREATIONS OF THE GOD ANUBIS!
LATER AFTER HE HAD SEEN HER SAFELY HOME.
YOU ARE THE NEW GOVERNOR, ARE YOU NOT? HOW ARE YOU CALLED?
MARCUS, AND I AM NOT YOUR GOVERNOR, BUT YOUR SLAVE!
HOW GALLANT YOU ARE AND HOW UNUSUAL—A POLITICIAN WHO IS ALSO A LOVER AND A FIGHTING MAN!
A LOVE BOTH TENDER AND PASSIONATE GREW, AND YET SHE WAS OFTEN PENSIVE... AND THEN ONE NIGHT, AS HE TRIED TO EXPRESS HIS FEELING IN WORDS.
I MUST TELL YOU...
DON'T! PLEASE, I BEG OF YOU! LET US JUST LIVE, AND ENJOY, AND NOT LOOK AHEAD OR BACK... OR SPEAK OF LOVE...
IS IT BECAUSE YOU ARE A PRINCESS? A ROMAN CITIZEN IS THE EQUAL OF THE ROYALTY OF ANY WEAK AND DECADENT PROTECTORATE SUCH AS YOUR EGYPT!
STOP! IT ISN'T THAT! I MUST NOT LOVE YOU... ...NOR ANYONE...
BUT WHY...?
AND THEN, ONE DAY...
THE PRINCESS HAS DISAPPEARED! ANKHNON! TITUS! BEGIN A SEARCH! FIND HER!
WE ALREADY HAVE, SIR
65

SHE IS IN THE TEMPLE OF ANUBIS BUT I FEAR FINDING HER IS THE EASY PART - SHE IS IN THE POWER OF A GOD!
A GOD?
A PRIEST YOU MEAN!
NO, I MEAN A GOD! I KNOW IT IS HARD FOR AN INFIDEL -- BEGGING YOUR INDULGENCE SIRE - TO ACCEPT BUT
NOT HARD, ANKHNON - IMPOSSIBLE!
LOOK! THERE SHE IS! BUT WHAT.
THE MUSIC REACHED A CLIMAX AND SHE WRITHED MOANING AS IF IN PAIN THEN COLLAPSED ACROSS A DIVAN. THE AGED ANKHNON BEGAN TO SPEAK, VERY SOFTLY.
EVEN NOW SHE IS PREPARING TO BECOME THE BRIDE OF ANUBIS...
NO DOUBT SIRE
BUT NOW IT IS ABOUT TO BEGIN!
SUDDENLY UNSEEN PIPES AND STRINGS BEGAN AN EERIE RHYTHM AND SHE BEGAN TO SWAY, TO A MELODY TERRIBLY ALIEN... BOTH CHILLING AND SENSUAL!!!
THAT DRINK. SHE IS BEING DRUGGED!
"FROM TIME BEYOND MEMORY THE STATUE OF ANUBIS HAS COME TO LIFE AND INITIATED A MAIDEN INTO THE SACRED MYSTERIES
"I HAVE NO DOUBT THAT ON OCCASION A PRIEST HAS BEEN TEMPTED TO USE THIS CUSTOM TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF A YOUNG WOMAN HE DESIRED...
"BUT I HAVE SEEN THE FACE OF ANUBIS, AND IT IS NOT A MASK! IT IS THE FACE OF A WOLF, AS YOU WILL SEE IF YOU ARE UNLUCKY!"

IN SPITE OF HIMSELF, MARCUS FELT A SHIVER OF SUPERSTITIOUS DREAD AS THE IDOL STOOD UP... BUT ALL WAS BLOTTED OUT BY A RED RAGE AS THE ... D MOVED TOWARD THE PRINCE...
NOW I WILL SEE IF THIS 'GOD' BLEEDS!
NO! I BEG OF YOU, DO NOT TRY TO KILL A GOD!
THERE WAS NO STOPPING THE BERSERK ROMAN...
EEEE! OH, NO!
WELL? AREN'T YOU GLAD TO SEE ME?
OH, MARCUS! YOU HAVE JUST COMMITTED SUICIDE!
WHY? THIS IS BUT A MAN..A PRIEST IN A MASK! SEE?
THAT MAY BE, BUT THERE IS A REAL ANUBIS...
LATER, AS MARCUS SLEPT...
FAREWELL, MY LOVE... I MUST GO TO MY DESTINY... TO ANUBIS...
...GIVE MYSELF TO HIM...
PERHAPS THEN HE WILL NOT HARM YOU

THERE SHE IS! SEIZE HER!
YOU OTHERS GO BRING ME THE MAN!
I BEG OF YOU TAKE ME...
BUT LET HIM BE!
NO I AM SORRY BUT NO ONE MAY ATTACK A GOD AND LIVE!
MARCUS! LOOK OUT!
UH!
SILENCE HER!
THUD!
ANUBIS COMES!
MARCUS WAS BRIEFLY DELAYED BY ANUBIS HIDEOUS SERVANTS...
PRINCESS! WHERE ARE YOU?
THEN A SHADOW ACROSS THE MOON MADE HIM LOOK UP...
BY THE GODS! WHAT IS THAT?
...AND WHERE ARE THEY TAKING HER?
PERHAPS YOU WILL BELIEVE NOW, ROMAN! IT IS ALL TRUE... THAT IS A SPHYNX, ANUBIS IS A GOD... AND THEY ARE TAKING HER ACROSS THE RIVER STYX TO THE LAND OF THE DEAD!
WILL YOU DARE GO AFTER HER? TO THE DOMAIN OF CHARON?
YES! I WOULD GO TO HELL ITSELF FOR HER! TITUS? CAIUS? WHO WILL GO WITH ME?
WHERE YOU LEAD, WE FOLLOW, SIR!
VERY WELL, YOU RASH YOUNG FOOL! I CANNOT STOP YOU, BUT I CAN GIVE YOU THIS... A BOW AND AN ARROW MADE OF THE MAGIC METAL...
THANK YOU... BUT WHY...?
I HAVE WAITED LONG FOR YOUR KIND OF FOOL! THE FACT I BELIEVE IN GODS SUCH AS ANUBIS DOESN'T MEAN I APPROVE OF THEM!
SHOOT FROM A DISTANCE, AND DO NOT MISS! GOOD LUCK... AND GOOD HUNTING!

I CAN SEE CLIFFS AHEAD, STRANGE, WHITE CLIFFS! MAKE READY TO GO ASHORE!
"AND PRAY ANKHNON'S SILVER ARROW IS INDEED MAGIC!
OH, MARCUS, MARCUS, WHY DID YOU COME? ARE YOU SO EAGER TO DIE? I TRIED TO SPARE YOU THIS, FOR, NO MATTER HOW GOOD OR STRONG OR WISE, NO MAN CAN DO WHAT YOU ARE ATTEMPTING.
SOON DETAILS ON THE SHORE WERE VISIBLE... AND THEY SAW THAT THE CLIFFS WERE COMPOSED OF HUMAN BONES, THE COUNTLESS BONES OF ALL THE DEAD OF FIFTY CENTURIES OF AN ANCIENT RACE..
LOOK, SIR! THERE SHE IS! STAKED OUT LIKE BAIT IN A TRAP! SHALL WE, AND ELSEWHERE, OR...?
NO! WE GO ASHORE RIGHT HERE! LET US SEE IF OUR GOOD ROMAN STEEL CAN BREAK THE TEETH OF THIS TRAP!
THE ROMANS WERE AFRAID, BUT THEIR DISCIPLINE HELD. AT A SIGNAL FROM MARCUS, THEY PLUNGED INTO THE SURF, AND, FORMING THEIR IMPENETRABLE PHALANX, MARCHED ASHORE..
IMMEDIATELY, THEY WERE ATTACKED, BUT BY CREATURES OF FLESH AND BLOOD
ADVANCE!
HOLD FAST YOUR SHIELD WALL!
YOU MEN CARRY ON WITH THE KILLING...
I WILL GO TO THE PRINCESS, AND SEE IF ANUBIS MAKES HIS APPEARANCE..
OH, MARCUS! YOU SHOULD NOT HAVE TRIED. BUT LET US SEE IF WE CAN ESCAPE BEFORE ANUBIS-
IT'S TOO LATE, MY PRINCESS! LOOK BEHIND YOU!
RRRR

FLINGING THE GIRL ASIDE THE WOLF GOD ATTACKED—

...AND MARCUS WAS SHAKEN ENOUGH TO FORGET THE ARROW AND USE HIS SHORT SWORD...

NO! IT CANNOT BE!

ROWR!

AGAIN HE DESTROYED THE MASK OF ANUBIS BUT THIS TIME...

ANKHNON WAS RIGHT!

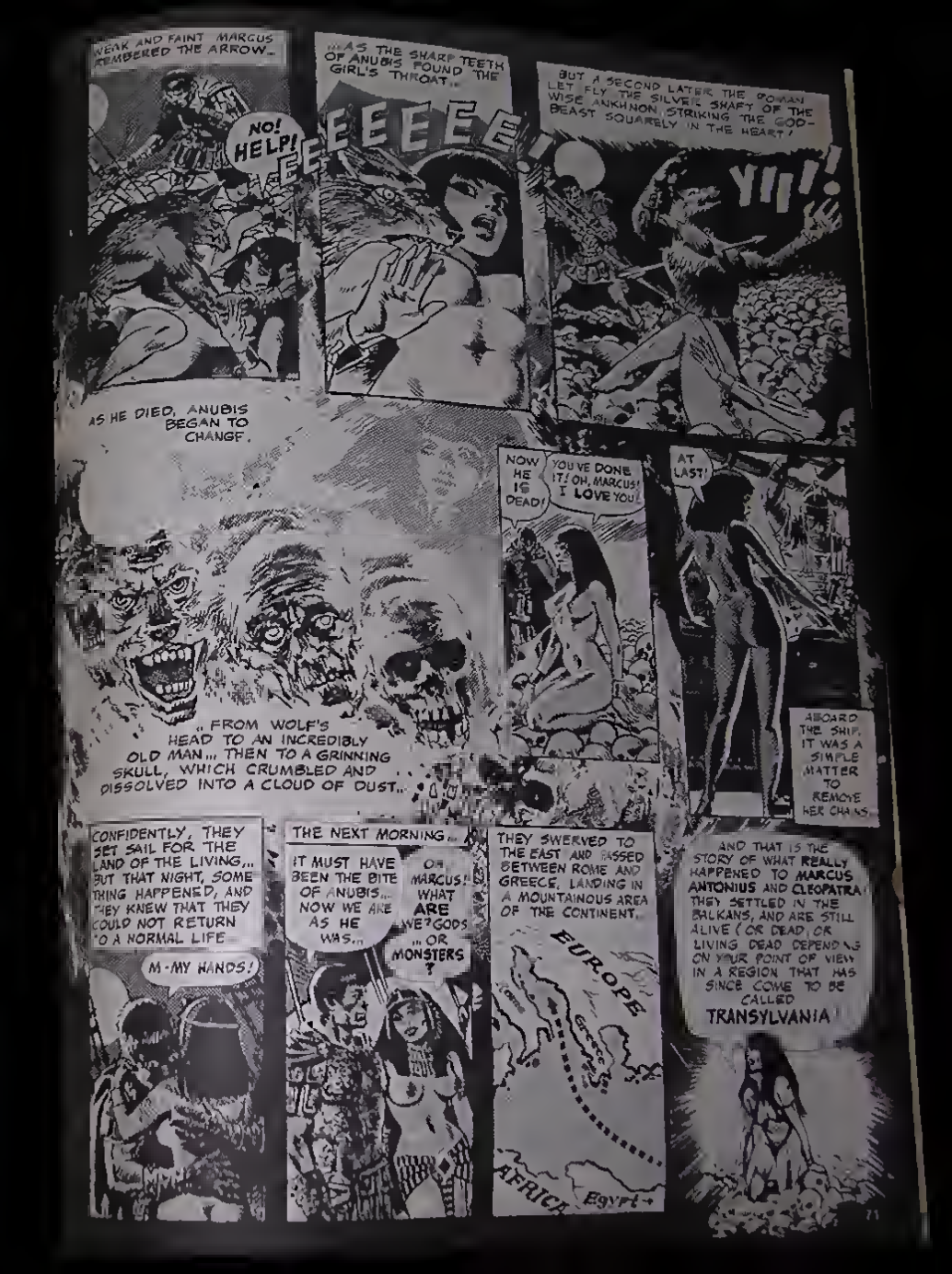
HIS BLADE FLASHED AS ANUBIS LEAPED AT HIS THROAT...

RAN HIM THROUGH... AND HE'S STILL COMING!

THEN, WITH THE HELPLESS FEELING OF ONE TRAPPED IN A NIGHTMARE, HE FELT RAZOR-SHARP FANGS RIPPING AT HIS JUGULAR... A WAVE OF DIZZINESS SWEPT OVER HIM, THEN EVERYTHING GREW DARK...

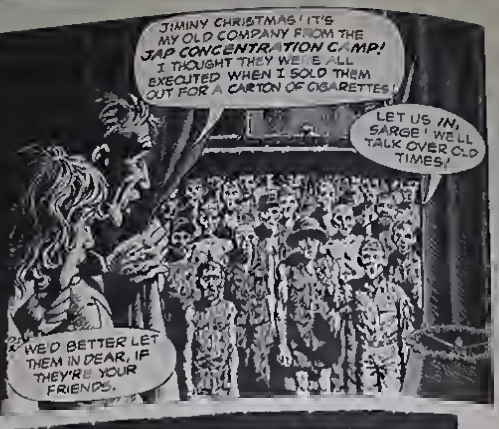
AAARGH!

...AND HE OPENED HIS EYES A MOMENT LATER TO SEE...


WEAK AND FAINT MARCUS REMEMBERED THE ARROW...
NO! HELP!
EEEEEE!
...AS THE SHARP TEETH OF ANUBIS FOUND THE GIRL'S THROAT...
BUT A SECOND LATER THE WOMAN WISE ANKHNON STRIKING THE GOD-BEAST SQUARELY IN THE HEART!
YII!!
AS HE DIED, ANUBIS BEGAN TO CHANGE.
...FROM WOLF'S HEAD TO AN INCREDIBLY OLD MAN... THEN TO A GRINNING SKULL, WHICH CRUMBLED AND DISSOLVED INTO A CLOUD OF DUST...
NOW HE IS DEAD!
YOU'VE DONE IT! OH, MARCUS! I LOVE YOU!
AT LAST!
ABOARD THE SHIP, IT WAS A SIMPLE MATTER TO REMOVE HER CHAINS.
CONFIDENTLY, THEY SET SAIL FOR THE LAND OF THE LIVING... BUT THAT NIGHT, SOMETHING HAPPENED, AND THEY KNEW THAT THEY COULD NOT RETURN TO A NORMAL LIFE...
M-MY HANDS!
THE NEXT MORNING...
IT MUST HAVE BEEN THE BITE OF ANUBIS... NOW WE ARE AS HE WAS...
OH MARCUS! WHAT ARE WE? GODS ...OR MONSTERS?
THEY SWERVED TO THE EAST AND PASSED BETWEEN ROME AND GREECE, LANDING IN A MOUNTAINOUS AREA OF THE CONTINENT.
EUROPE
AFRICA
Egypt
AND THAT IS THE STORY OF WHAT REALLY HAPPENED TO MARCUS ANTONIUS AND CLEOPATRA! THEY SETTLED IN THE BALKANS, AND ARE STILL ALIVE (OR DEAD, OR LIVING DEAD DEPENDING ON YOUR POINT OF VIEW) IN A REGION THAT HAS SINCE COME TO BE CALLED TRANSYLVANIA!

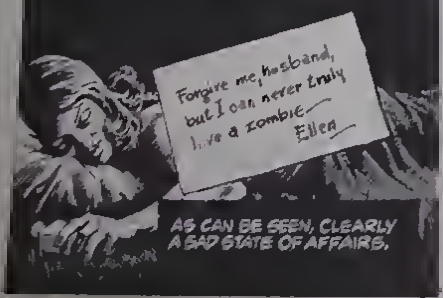
PROLOGUE

IT IS WELL KNOWN AMONG HORROR FILM FANS THAT MOST OF THE PEOPLE WHO DIE IN HORROR FILMS ARE VICTIME OF THEIR OWN STUPIDITY. THESE PEOPLE CHOOSE NOT TO HEED OBVIOUS SIGNS AND WARNINGS OF IMPENDING DANGER SUCH AS A DOOR LOCKING BEHIND THEM SEEMINGLY OF ITS OWN VOLITION, OR A FRIEND KNOCKING AT THEIR DOOR WHOSE FUNERAL THEY JUST ATTENDED THE WEEK BEFORE, AND BECAUSE THEY IGNORE THESE SIGNS THEY BECOME THE *MISFORTUNES OF HORROR.*



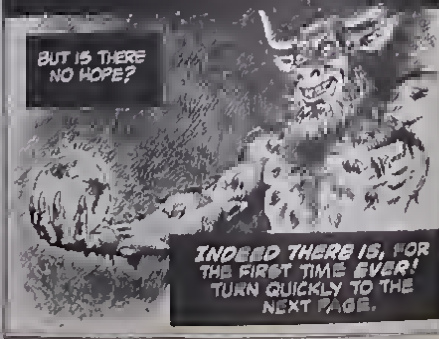
THIS MIGHT BE AMUSING IF IT WERE NOT FOR THE ALARMING INCREASE OF *HORROR VICTIMS* EVIDENCED OVER RECENT YEARS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD. EVERYWHERE, REPORTS OF SLAYINGS BY SUPER-ABNORMAL PHENOMENA... *MONSTERS...* ARE SCALING NEW HEIGHTS; IN THE AREAS OF VAMPIRE-BITING, WEREWOLF-GNAWING, GOLEM-CRUSHING AND DEMON-POSSESSING, THESE CAN BE CONSIDERED OF *EPIDEMIC* PROPORTIONS.

RECENT SURVEYS, IN FACT, HAVE SHOWN AN INCREASE OF **37%** IN HORROR VICTIMS IN THE U.S. ALONE, WHICH IS DISTRESSING ENOUGH, BUT EVEN THIS DOES NOT INCLUDE THE *RELATIVES* OF HORROR VICTIMS DRIVEN TO SUICIDE UPON HEARING THE HIDEOUS FATE OF THEIR LOVED ONES.



AS CAN BE SEEN, CLEARLY A SAD STATE OF AFFAIRS.

AND AS THE CHILL HAND OF HORROR CRUSHES IN ON US DAILY, IT IS CERTAINLY ONLY A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE YOUR FAMILY, *TOO,* IS RAVAGED BY THIS TERRIBLE SCOURGE.



the Super-abnormal Phenomena Survival Kit!

STORY JIM STEVENSON AND JOHN SEVERIN 73

THE SUPER-ABNORMAL PHENOMENA SURVIVAL KIT, ALSO CALLED THE S.A.P.S. KIT... A COMPLETE OUTFIT OF SURVIVAL GEAR AND TECHNIQUES COMPILED BY EXPERTS TO HELP YOU AGAINST HORRIBLES AND BEASTIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION!

HERE IS ALL YOU WILL EVER NEED TO THWART AN EVIL SCIENTIST'S MAD SCHEME... FULL THE SHADE ON A HIDEOUS SUN-DEMON... OR DISPELL AN ALIEN INVASION! AND MORE THAN THAT, LIVE TO TALK ABOUT IT!

HEH HEE HEE HEE HEE HEH

THE WASSERMANS, MOTHER AND SON, WERE UNDERSTANDABLY SKEPTICAL WHEN THEY FIRST HEARD ABOUT OUR PRODUCT IN A GRIT NEWSPAPER AD, BUT DECIDED TO TAKE US UP ON OUR TEN-DAY FREE-TRIAL. THEIR SITUATION WAS UNBELIEVEABLY GRIM, AND NOTHING UP TO THIS TIME HAD DONE A THING FOR THEM.

JIMMIE... I THINK THEY'RE GETTING READY TO ATTACK! WHAT... WHAT RE WE GOING TO DO?

JUST STAY COOL, MOM.

AFTER ONLY A BRIEF PERUSAL OF OUR KIT, YOUNG JIMMIE KNEW THIS WAS THE ANSWER THEY NEEDED SO DESPERATELY. FOLLOWING INSTRUCTIONS DETAILED IN THE KIT, HE CUPPED HIS HANDS INTO A MAKESHIFT MEGAPHONE, AND CRIED OUT:

HEY, MOM! LET'S ESCAPE THROUGH THE KITCHEN WINDOW!

C'MON THEY'RE GOING THROUGH THE KITCHEN WINDOW!

LET'S GET 'EM!

QUICK! QUICK!

HURRY, OR WE'LL BE LEFT OUT OF THE FEEDING!

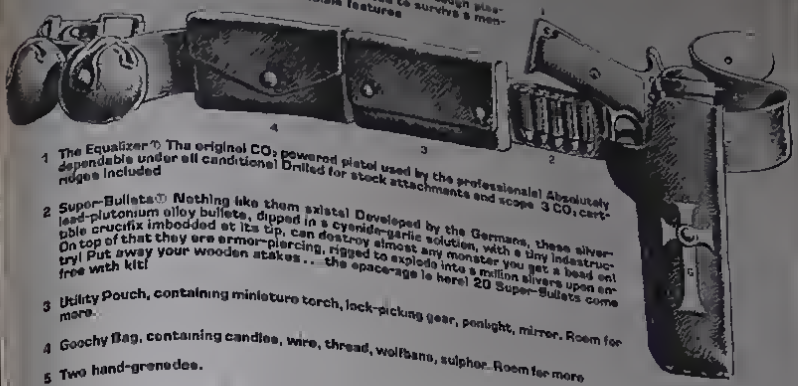
THE RUSE WORKED. WHILE THE MONSTERS SCAMPERED AROUND THE BACK, JIMMIE AND HIS MOTHER RAN OUT THE FRONT, ESCAPING INEVITABLE DOOM AT THE HANDS OF THE VORACIOUS MONSTERS.

BECAUSE THEY TRUSTED US, AND TRUSTED OUR KIT, THESE PEOPLE WILL SURVIVE.

WHAT IS AN S.A.P.S. KIT? HOW CAN IT HELP YOU? READ ON...

THE S.A.P.S. KIT-- WHAT IT CONTAINS:

THE ANTI-S A P UTILITY BELT! Made of durable leather-tough plastic, this belt contains the basic equipment you need to survive a monster attack! In it you'll find these incredible features



1 The Equalizer® The original CO_2 powered pistol used by the professionals! Absolutely dependable under all conditions! Drilled for stock attachments and scope 3 CO_2 cartridges included

2 Super-Bullets® Nothing like them exists! Developed by the Germans, these silver-lead-plutonium alloy bullets, dipped in a cyanide-garlic solution, with a tiny indestructible crucifix imbedded at its tip, can destroy almost any monster you get a bead on! On top of that they are armor-piercing, rigged to explode into a million slivers upon entry! Put away your wooden stakes . . . the space-age is here! 20 Super-Bullets come free with kit!

3 Utility Pouch, containing miniature torch, lock-picking gear, penlight, mirror. Room for more.

4 Goochy Bag, containing candles, wire, thread, wolfbane, sulphur. Room for more

5 Two hand-grenades.

6 Handy-detachable crucifix.

PLUS

THE S.A.P.S. GUIDE

The essential handbook that has already sold 5 million copies overseas! Contains valuable information on.

I DANGER SIGNS (What to look for and what to do about it 105 rules that can save your life!)

II THREATS (Every form of super-abnormal phenomena you are likely to encounter, and some rare ones! Essential data on the powers and weaknesses of 200 monsters!)

III ESCAPE METHODS (Knowing when and how to turn tail and run can be your number one life-preserving technique!)

IV CAMOUFLAGE and Disguises (Amazing new science that fools monsters time and time again! Proven under field conditions!)

V LAST RESORTS (When all else fails, these won't!)

PICTURES! DIAGRAMS! ILLUSTRATIONS! 560 PAGES!

TAKE A LOOK AT THIS SAMPLING FROM THE S.A.P.S. GUIDE

EXCERPT, PAGE 22, S.A.P.S GUIDE, RULE 3.

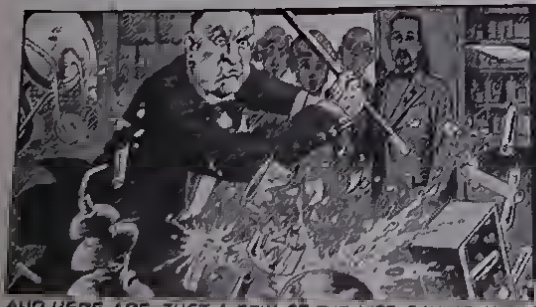
NEVER ENTER CASTLES. THERE ARE NO EXCEPTIONS. 23% OF ALL HORROR MURDERS AND ATROCITIES ARE COMMITTED WITHIN CASTLE WALLS, AND BY STAYING CLEAR OF THEM YOU SUBSEQUENTLY MAKE YOUR LIFE 23% **SAFER.** IF YOU SPOT A CASTLE, AND CIRCUMSTANCES DO NOT ALLOW YOU TO LEAVE THE AREA, REMAIN OUTSIDE, CAMOUFLAGE, AND STAY AWAKE UNTIL MORNING, WHEN THE STORM WILL SUBSIDE. TAKE THE FIRST TRAIN OUT.

EXCERPT, PAGE 24, RULE 10.

DO NOT OPEN COFFINS. WHAT POSSIBLE MOTIVE COULD YOU HAVE FOR DOING THIS THING? THE CHANCES ARE SO GREAT THAT SOMETHING WILL JUMP OUT AND BITE YOU, THAT YOU MUST HAVE A DEATH WISH TO OPEN ONE. EVEN IF THERE ISN'T A S.A.P. IN IT, THERE'S GOT TO BE A DEAD PERSON AT LEAST. AND HAVE YOU EVER SEEN A DEAD PERSON UP REALLY CLOSE? **BLEECH!**

EXCERPT, PAGE 23. RULE 5.

DO NOT ENTER TOMBS OR DESECRATE THE DEAD. THIS IS A SURE TICKET TO DAMNATION, NOT ONLY FOR YOU, BUT FOR YOUR **DESCENDENTS!** JUST TELL THE REST OF THE EXPEDITION THANKS, BUT YOU'LL WAIT BACK AT CAMP. IF SOME OF THE MEMBERS OF THE TEAM GET CUTE AND TRY TO PULL YOU INSIDE, SHOOT ONE OF THEM WITH YOUR REVOLVER. THEY WILL SOON CUT OUT THEIR CLOWNING.



EXCERPT, PAGE 37. RULE 51.

DESTROY ALL SCIENTIFIC AND ALCHEMIC EQUIPMENT. THERE IS NO SUCH ANIMAL AS A BENEVOLENT SCIENTIST. EVEN THE SO-CALLED GOOD ONES WILL ALWAYS HAVE THEIR INVENTIONS USED FOR EVIL. IF, WHEN VISITING A FRIEND WHO OF LATE HAS SEEMED DISTANT AND ODD TO YOU, YOU DISCOVER HE HAS A LABORATORY IN THE CELLAR, IT IS YOUR **DUTY** TO DESTROY THIS EQUIPMENT. YOU MAY NOT ONLY BE SAVING YOUR OWN LIFE, BUT HIS AS WELL.

AND HERE ARE JUST A FEW OF THE LIFE-SAVING HINTS CONTAINED IN THE S.A.P. GUIDE

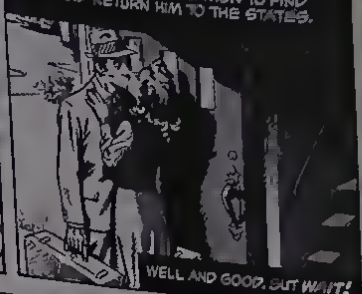
EXCERPT, PAGE 111, S.A.P.S. GUIDE.

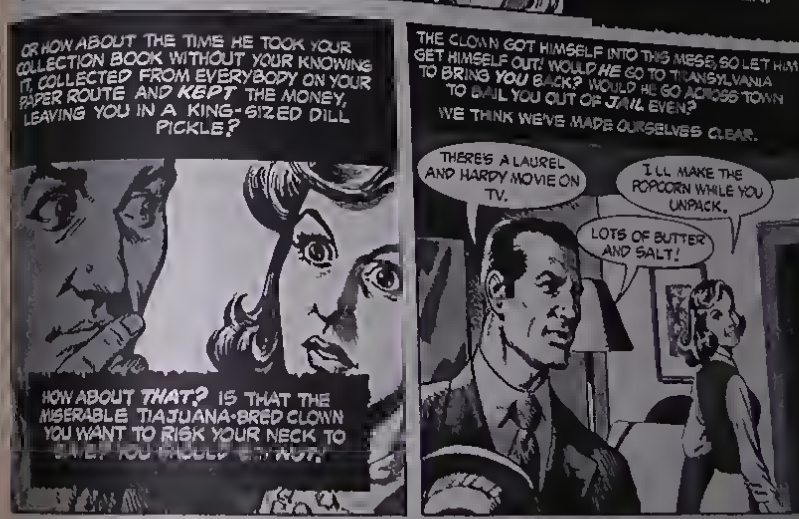
STAY THE HECK OUT OF ROMANIA... PARTICULARLY TRANSYLVANIA!

THIS IS ABSOLUTELY THE MOST DANGEROUS PLACE IN THE WORLD. MONSTER COUNTRY. THIS IS WHERE MOST OF THEM ORIGINATE. THERE IS NO KNOWN POPULATION OTHER THAN S.A.P.S. EVERYBODY THERE IS A VAMPIRE, A WEREWOLF, A SCIENTIST (OR A SCIENTIST'S ASSISTANT) OR THEY ARE UNDER THEIR POWERFUL CONTROL. LEAVE THIS AREA FOR PROFESSIONAL S.A.P. HUNTERS!

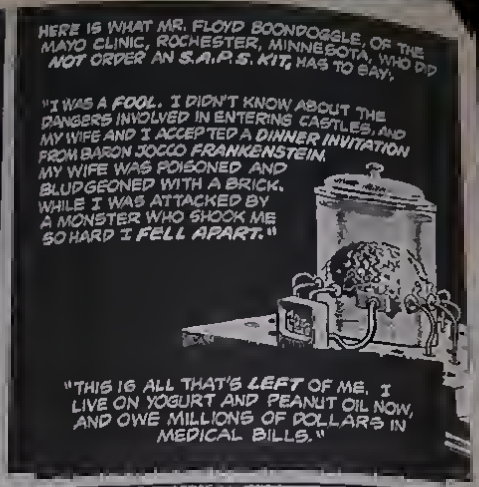
EXCERPTS, PAGES 140 AND 141.

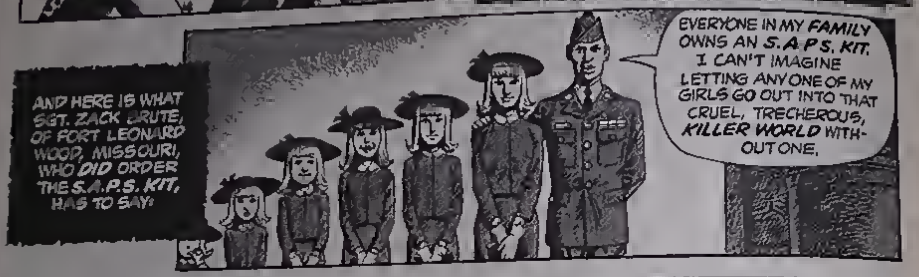
THERE MAY BE OCCASIONS WHEN YOU DECIDE A TRIP TO TRANSYLVANIA IS NECESSARY. SAY YOUR NUMBSKULL BROTHER, THE GENEOLOGIST, IN HIS SEARCH FOR COUNT YORGULS GRAVE, WAS LOST THERE, AND YOU FEEL AN OBLIGATION TO FIND HIM AND RETURN HIM TO THE STATES.





PAGE AFTER PAGE OF VALUABLE AIDS LIKE THESE ARE YOURS IN THE S.A.P.S GUIDE! JUST LISTEN TO WHAT THESE PEOPLE HAVE TO SAY ABOUT *THE SUPER-ABNORMAL PHENOMENA SURVIVAL KIT...*





TRY THE S.A.P.S. KIT FOR 10 DAYS AND SEE IF IT ISN'T ALL WE CLAIM!

Just send us a cashier's check along with the coupon at right. If, 10 days after receiving your S.A.P.S. Kit, you are not pushing monsters around like mirquetoeste, send us back the kit for a full refund. Don't take unneeded chances—SEND NOW!

ONLY $199.95

Yes! I am tired of risking my life and the lives of my loved ones. Send me The Super-Abnormal Phenomena Survival Kit at once! I enclose $199.95 for every S.A.P.S. Kit I order.

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ADDRESS_____

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I WANT TO LIVE, INC.
2 Mountain Pine Road
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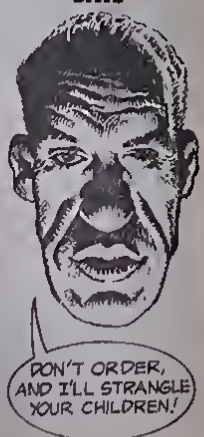
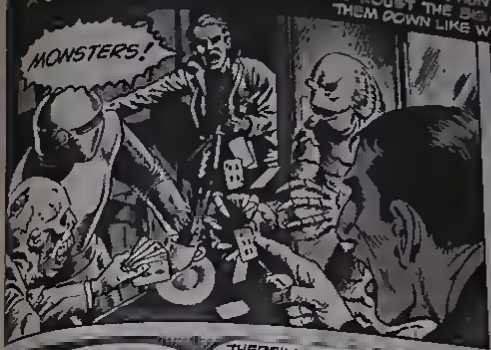
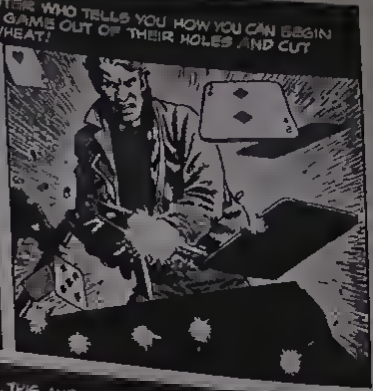
THE CREEPER SAYS:

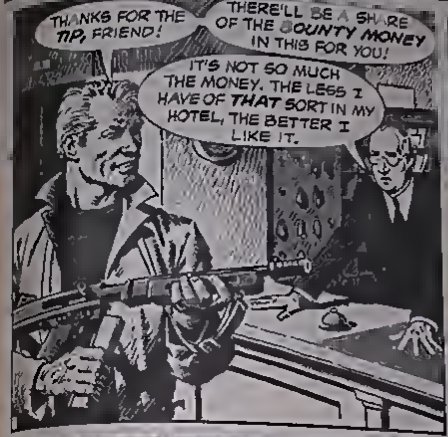


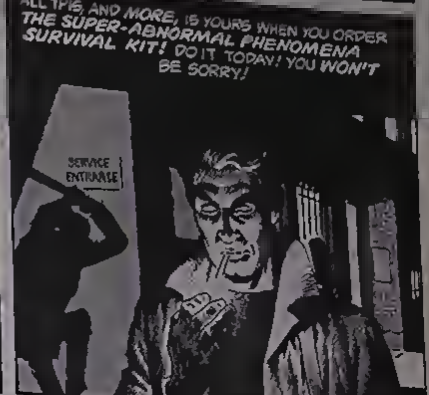
EXTRA! THIS FREE GIFT IF YOU ORDER NOW!

HARVESTING MONSTERS FOR PROFIT!
A BRILLIANT TEXT BY A WORLD-FAMOUS MONSTER-HUNTER WHO TELLS YOU HOW YOU CAN BEGIN A CAREER IN THIS LUCRATIVE FIELD! ROUST THE BIG GAME OUT OF THEIR HOLES AND CUT THEM DOWN LIKE WHEAT!

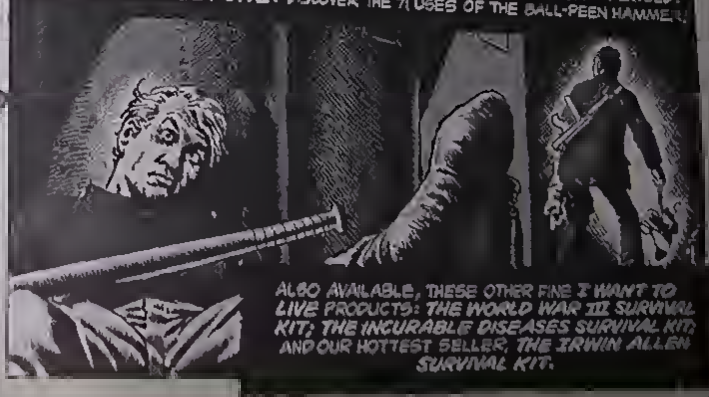








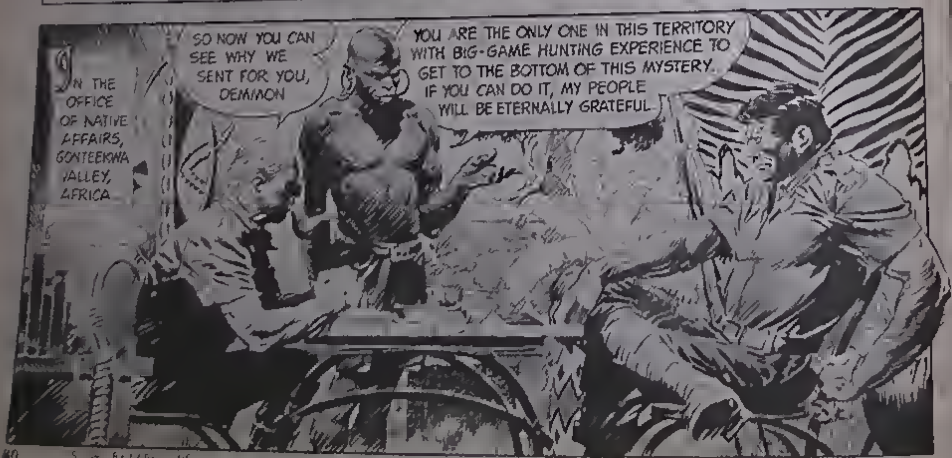
AND, WHEN ORDERING, BE SURE TO ASK ABOUT OUR CITY STREETS AND ALLEYWAYS SURVIVAL KIT!...WHEREIN YOU WILL LEARN TO DEFEND YOURSELF AGAINST THE LESS FANTASTIC BUT EQUALLY DEADLY MUGGERS, RAPISTS, MOTORCYCLE GANGS, AND MAFIOSO. LEARN EVERY FORM OF MARTIAL ART EVER DEVISED. SPEAK REAL STREET JIVE! DISCOVER THE 71 USES OF THE BALL-PEEN HAMMER!



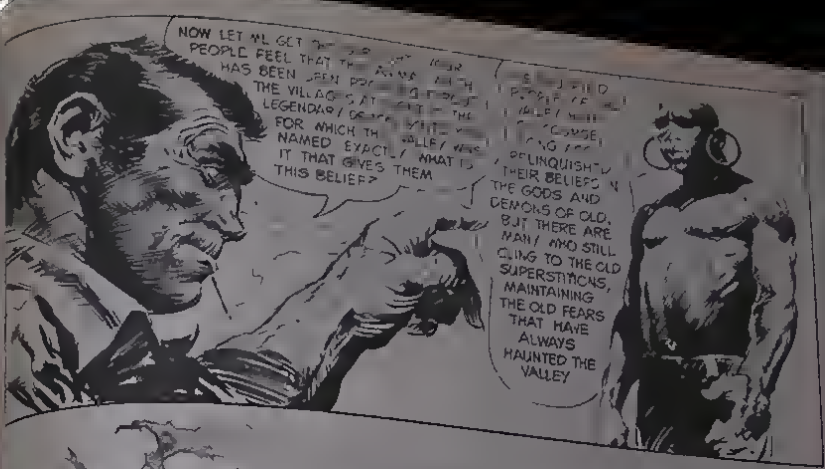
ALSO AVAILABLE, THESE OTHER FINE I WANT TO LIVE PRODUCTS: THE WORLD WAR III SURVIVAL KIT; THE INCURABLE DISEASES SURVIVAL KIT; AND OUR HOTTEST SELLER, THE IRWIN ALLEN SURVIVAL KIT.

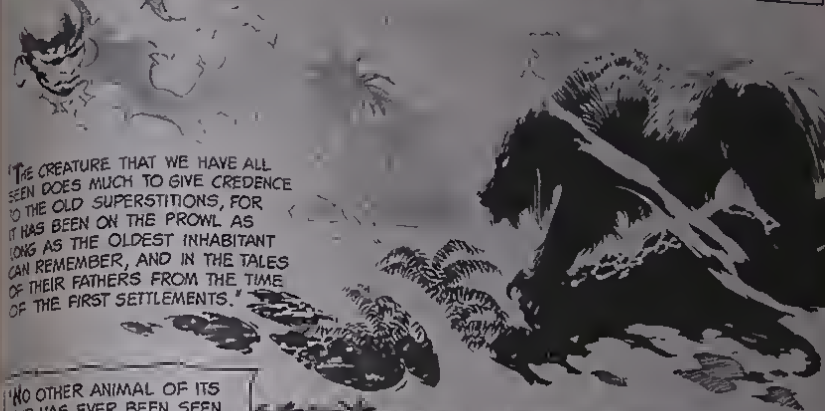
IN A RELATIVELY UNKNOWN AREA OF AFRICA LIES A SECTION KNOWN AS GONTEEKWA VALLEY. I, JULIUS, WILL BE YOUR GUIDE INTO THIS VICINITY BUT PROCEED WITH CAUTION, FOR GONTEEKWA IS THE VALLEY OF THE

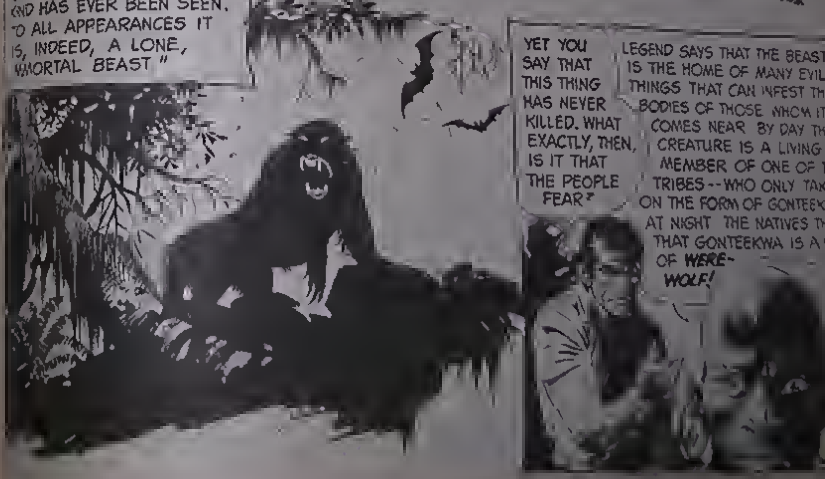
WEREWOLF!

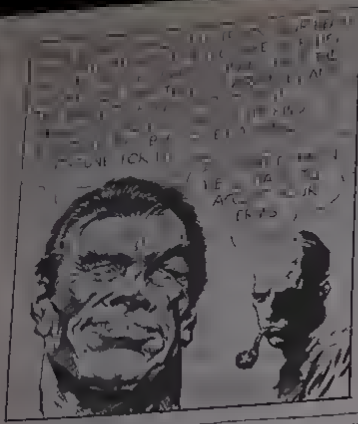


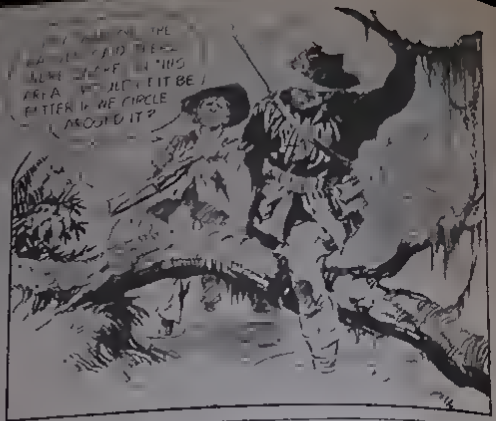
ART BY FRANK FRAZETTA

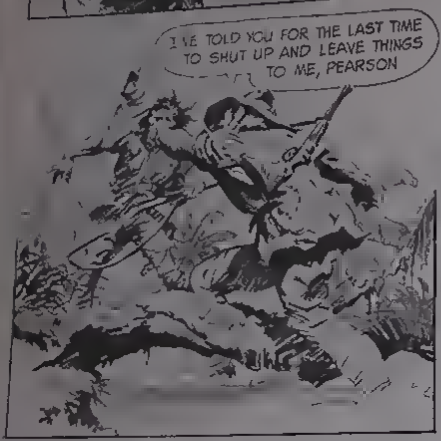

NOW LET ME GET
PEOPLE FEEL THAT
HAS BEEN
THE VILLAGE
LEGENDARY
FOR WHICH
NAMED EXACTLY
IT THAT GIVES THEM
THIS BELIEF?
RELINQUISHED
THEIR BELIEFS IN
THE GODS AND
DEMONS OF OLD.
BUT THERE ARE
MANY WHO STILL
CLING TO THE OLD
SUPERSTITIONS,
MAINTAINING
THE OLD FEARS
THAT HAVE
ALWAYS
HAUNTED THE
VALLEY

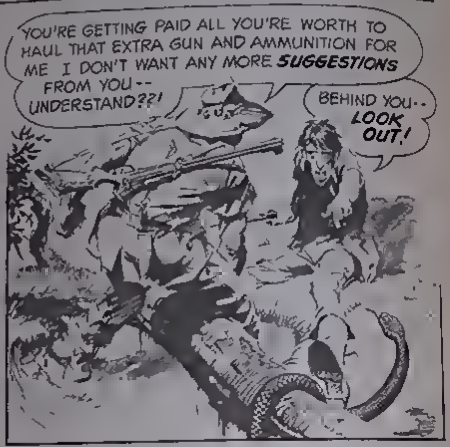

"THE CREATURE THAT WE HAVE ALL
SEEN DOES MUCH TO GIVE CREDENCE
TO THE OLD SUPERSTITIONS, FOR
IT HAS BEEN ON THE PROWL AS
LONG AS THE OLDEST INHABITANT
CAN REMEMBER, AND IN THE TALES
OF THEIR FATHERS FROM THE TIME
OF THE FIRST SETTLEMENTS."

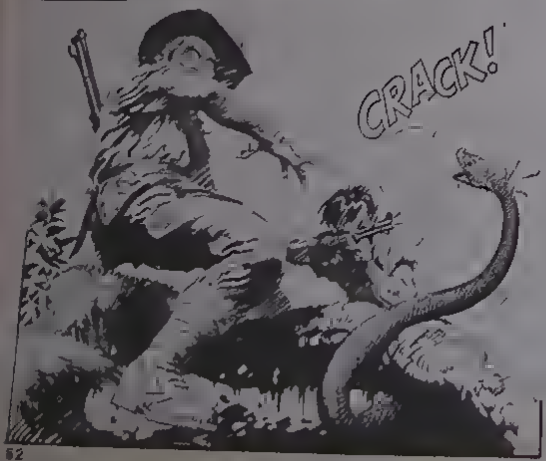

"NO OTHER ANIMAL OF ITS
KIND HAS EVER BEEN SEEN.
TO ALL APPEARANCES IT
IS, INDEED, A LONE,
IMMORTAL BEAST."
YET YOU SAY THAT THIS THING HAS NEVER KILLED. WHAT EXACTLY, THEN, IS IT THAT THE PEOPLE FEAR?
LEGEND SAYS THAT THE BEAST IS THE HOME OF MANY EVIL THINGS THAT CAN INFEST THE BODIES OF THOSE WHOM IT COMES NEAR. BY DAY THIS CREATURE IS A LIVING MEMBER OF ONE OF THE TRIBES--WHO ONLY TAKES ON THE FORM OF GONTEEKWA AT NIGHT. THE NATIVES THINK THAT GONTEEKWA IS A FORM OF WERE-WOLF!

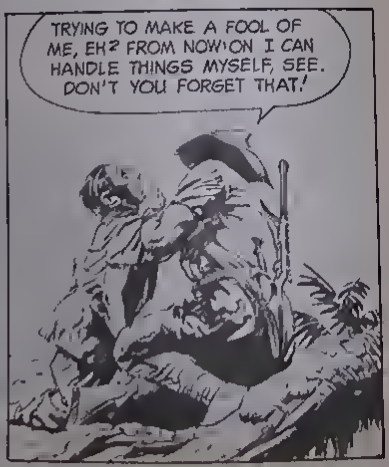



WOULDN'T IT BE BETTER IF WE CIRCLE AROUND IT?

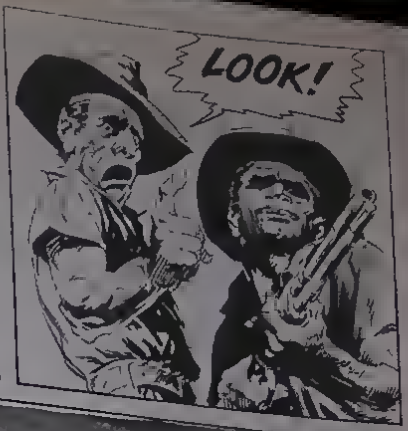

I'VE TOLD YOU FOR THE LAST TIME TO SHUT UP AND LEAVE THINGS TO ME, PEARSON


YOU'RE GETTING PAID ALL YOU'RE WORTH TO HAUL THAT EXTRA GUN AND AMMUNITION FOR ME I DON'T WANT ANY MORE SUGGESTIONS FROM YOU -- UNDERSTAND??!
BEHIND YOU-- LOOK OUT!

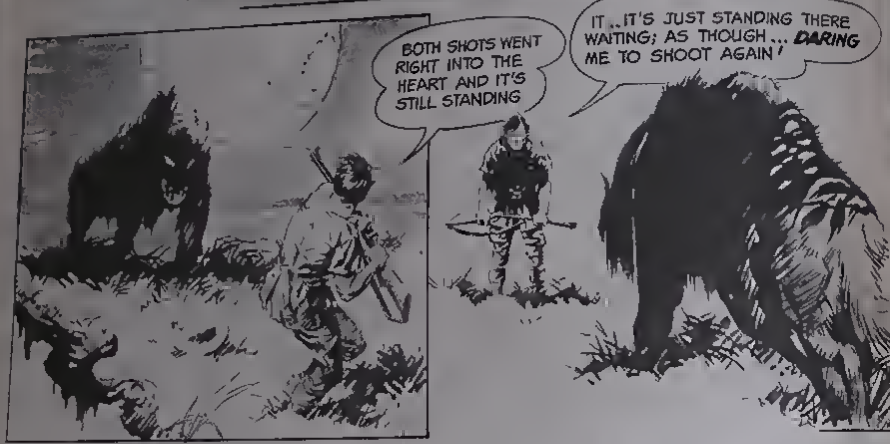

CRACK!

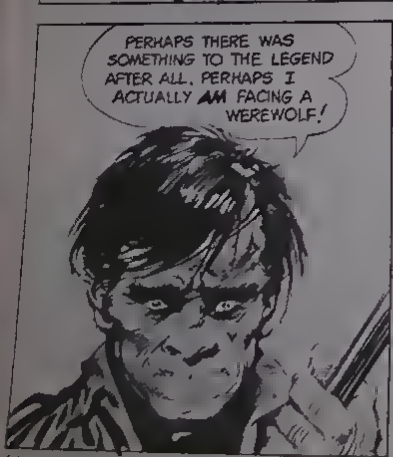

TRYING TO MAKE A FOOL OF ME, EH? FROM NOW ON I CAN HANDLE THINGS MYSELF, SEE. DON'T YOU FORGET THAT!

LATER...
HEY, I THINK WE'VE FOUND SOMETHING WHY I'VE NEVER SEEN TRACKS LIKE THIS BEFORE
AND IT'S BEGINNING TO GET DARK THAT MEANS WE'VE GOT TO BE MORE CAREFUL, THAT THING STARTS TO PROWL AROUND THIS AREA AS SOON AS THE SUN GOES DOWN.

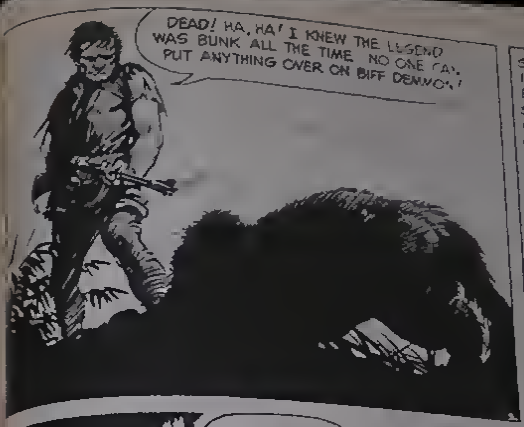

LOOK!

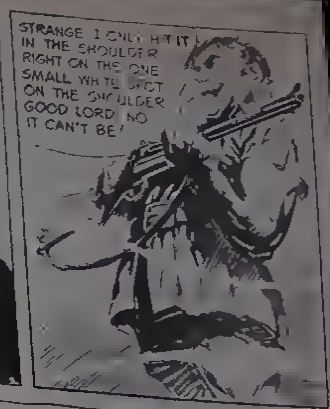
POW!
POW!

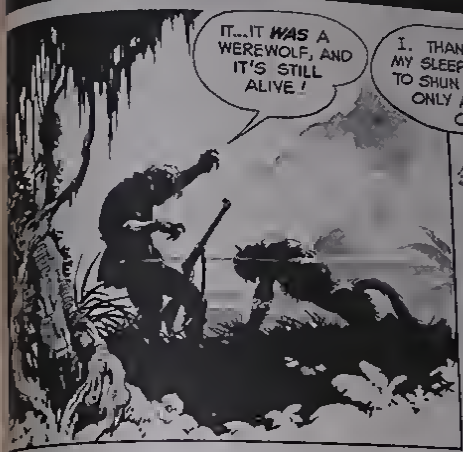

BOTH SHOTS WENT RIGHT INTO THE HEART AND IT'S STILL STANDING
IT..IT'S JUST STANDING THERE WAITING; AS THOUGH... DARING ME TO SHOOT AGAIN!

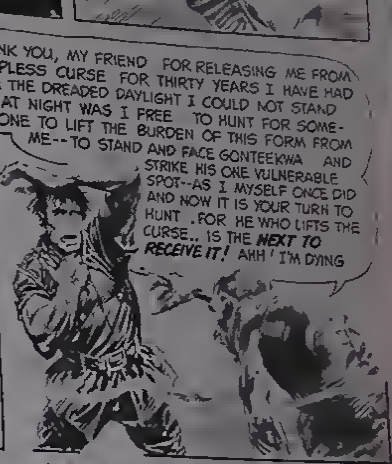

PERHAPS THERE WAS SOMETHING TO THE LEGEND AFTER ALL. PERHAPS I ACTUALLY AM FACING A WEREWOLF!

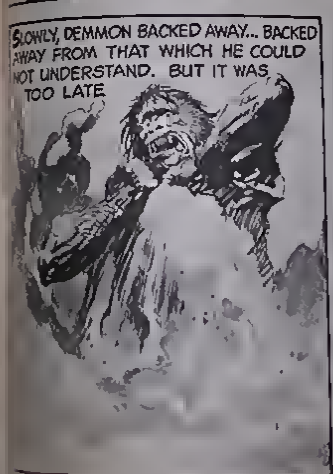
GRRRRRR!!
POW!
POW!
POW!





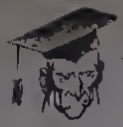






DEMMON HAD WANTED THE PELT OF GONTEEKWA AND NOW IT WAS HIS TO KEEP FOR A LONG TIME.

The End



MUMMY'S CURSE? MANY DON'T EVEN THINK THEY CAN TALK! LET'S OPEN THE SARCOPHAGUS AND THROW SOME LIGHT ON THE *EERIE INFO* IN...

CREEPY'S LOATHSOME LORE!

IN 1922 THE TOMB OF TUT-ANKH-AMEN WAS UNEARTHED MARKED BY A SUDDEN SANDSTORM ON WHAT HAD BEEN A CALM DAY, THROWING NATIVE WORKERS INTO A PANIC! ABOVE THE TOMB A HAWK, SYMBOL OF EGYPTIAN ROYALTY, BEGAN CIRCLING

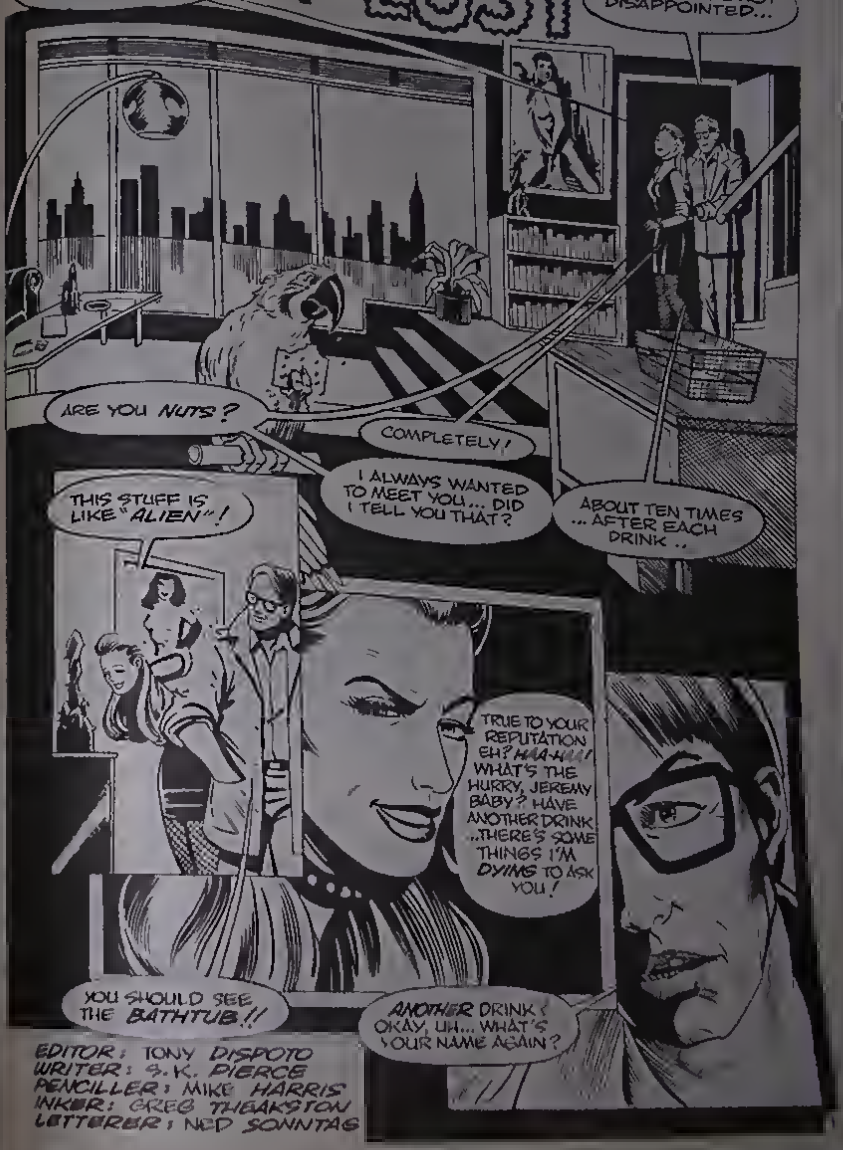
DESPITE THE CURSE ENSCRIBED IN HIEROGLYPHICS ABOVE THE DOOR "DEATH SHALL COME ON SWIFT WINGS TO DEFILERS OF THE TOMB HE SHALL SICKEN HE SHALL THIRST" LORD CARNARVON ENTERED SOMETHING SEEMED TO STING HIM ON THE CHEEK.. IT WAS THOUGHT TO BE A MOSQUITOE—

THE STING GREW FROM WELT TO CUT TO INFECTED SORE ATTACKING THE LYMPH GLANDS! FEVER SET IN LORD CARNARVON DIED PLEADING FOR WATER, BUT UNABLE TO SWALLOW! OVER 20 PEOPLE CONNECTED WITH THE TOMB AND ITS TREASURE WERE TO DIE SIMILAR BIZARRE DEATHS!

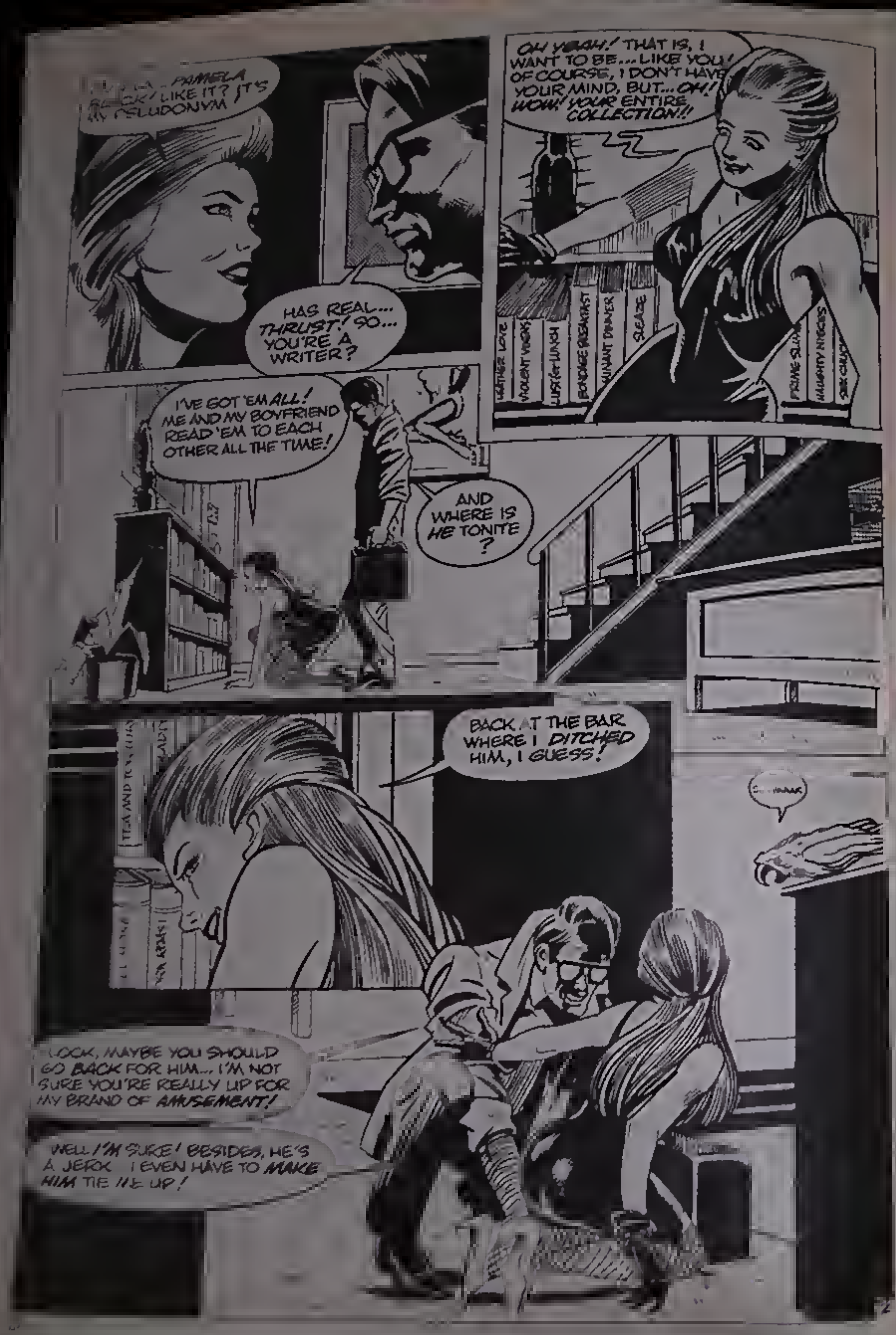
FEARING A CURSE, THE HAND WAS FLUNG INTO THE FIREPLACE TO BE DESTROYED, WHEREUPON A STRANGE SPECTRE APPEARED IN THE FLAMES, THEN VANISHED WITH THE HAND! WAS IT THE PRINCESS? ONLY HER ***MUMMY*** KNOWS!

JUST AS STRANGE WAS THE MUMMIFIED HAND OF KING TUT'S SISTER IN LAW WHICH BECAME THE POSSESSION OF COUNT LOUIS HANON. WITHIN A YEAR IT BECAME SOFT AND PLIABLE, THEN SUDDENLY STARTED TO ***BLEED!***

THE MACHINATIONS OF LUST

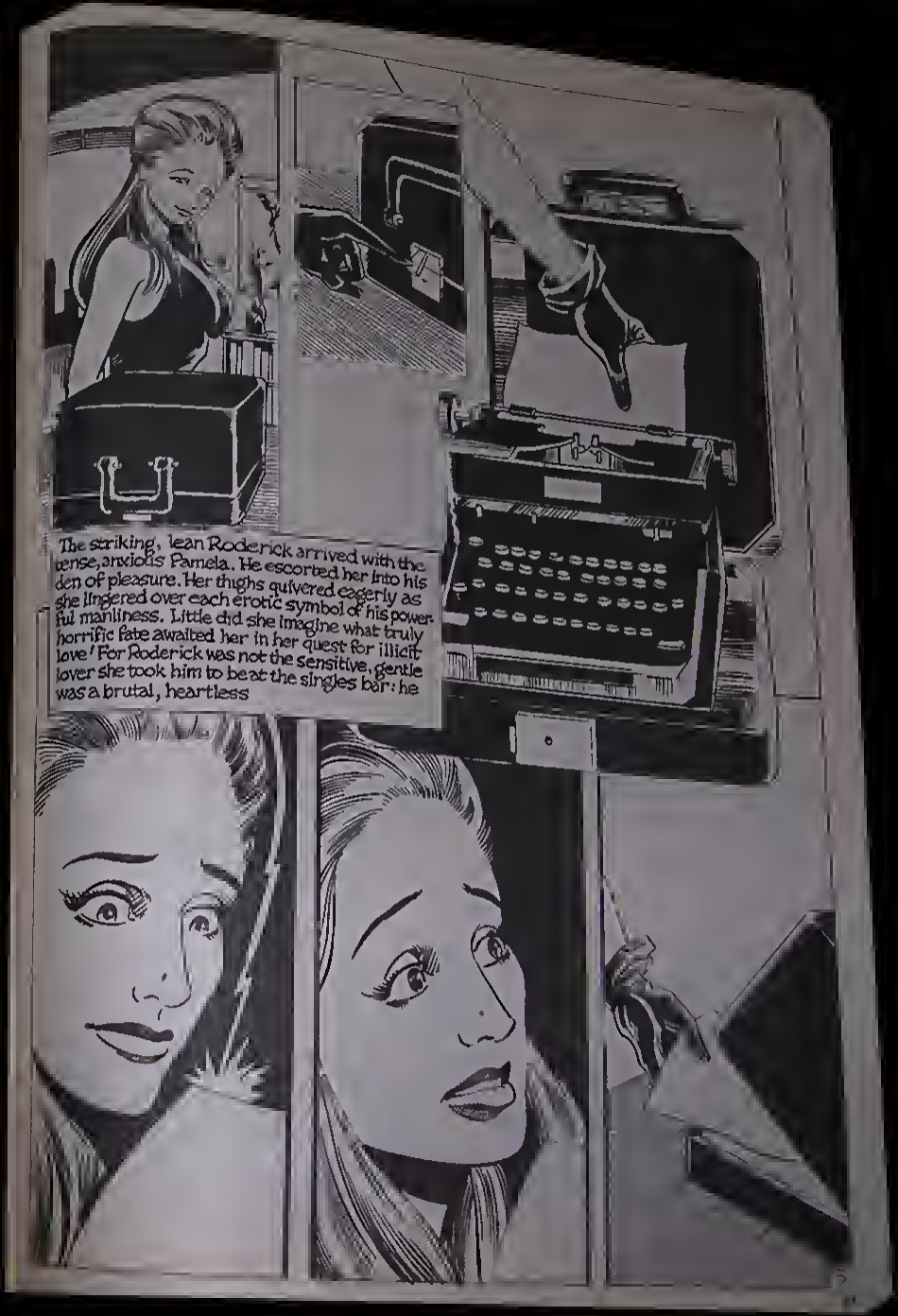


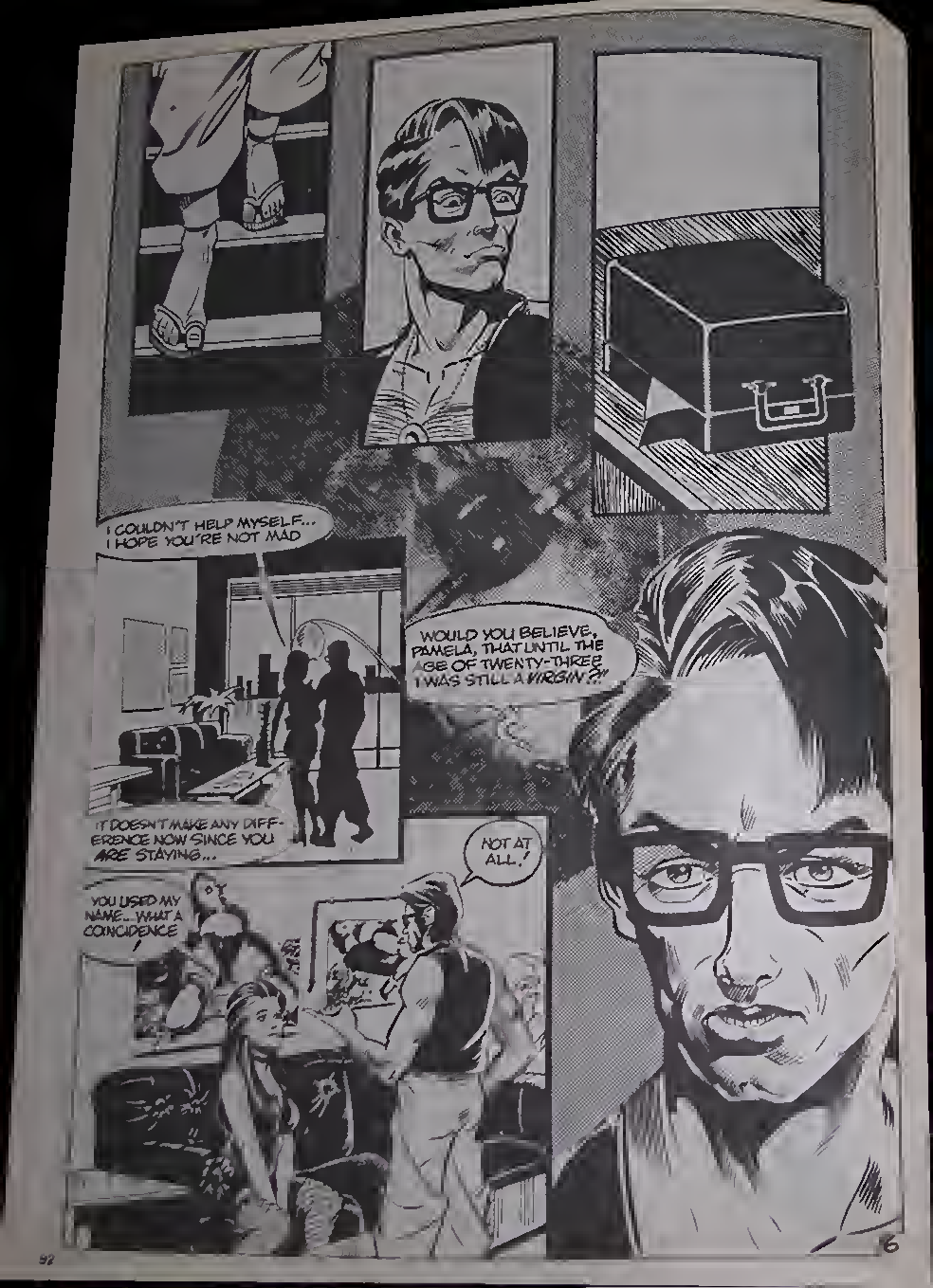
EDITOR: TONY DISPOTO
WRITER: S.K. PIERCE
PENCILLER: MIKE HARRIS
INKER: GREG THEAKSTON
LETTERER: NED SONNTAG

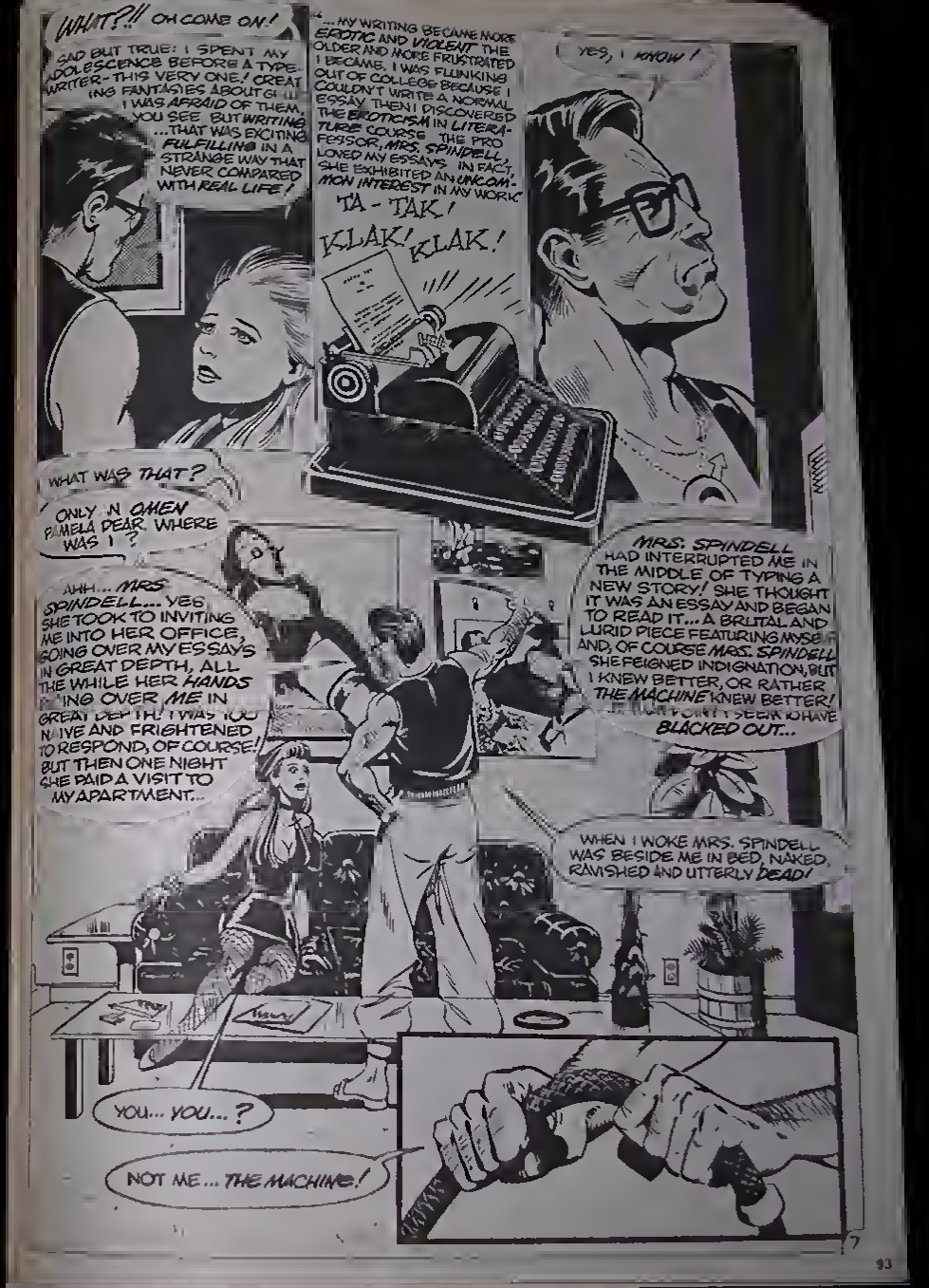

PAMELA
OK! LIKE IT? IT'S MY PSEUDONYM!
HAS REAL... THRUST! SO... YOU'RE A WRITER?
I'VE GOT 'EM ALL! ME AND MY BOYFRIEND READ 'EM TO EACH OTHER ALL THE TIME!
AND WHERE IS HE TONITE?
OH YEAH! THAT IS, I WANT TO BE... LIKE YOU! OF COURSE, I DON'T HAVE YOUR MIND, BUT... OH! WOW! YOUR ENTIRE COLLECTION!!!
BACK AT THE BAR WHERE I DITCHED HIM, I GUESS!
LOOK, MAYBE YOU SHOULD GO BACK FOR HIM... I'M NOT SURE YOU'RE REALLY UP FOR MY BRAND OF AMUSEMENT!
WELL I'M SURE! BESIDES, HE'S A JERK. I EVEN HAVE TO MAKE HIM TIE ME UP!

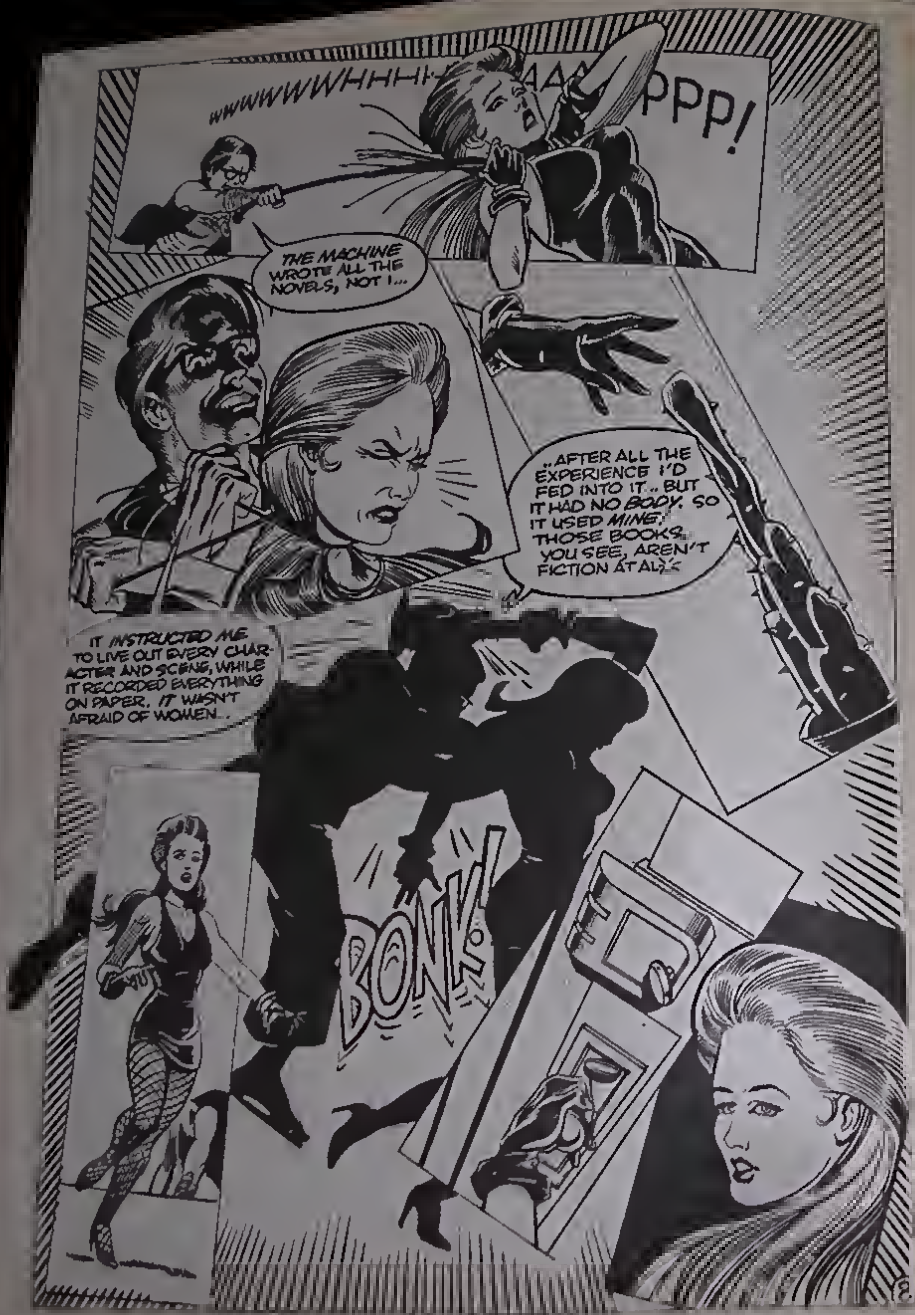
SISH!
YOUR DESK...WOW! THAT JUICY STUFF YOU WRITE ALL RIGHT HERE, HUH? CAN I SEE ?
IS THAT YOUR NEW BOOK ?
SORRY.. TEMPERAMENTAL WRITER! YOU UNDERSTAND, I'M SURE...
OH WOW! YOUR TYPEWRITER! CAN I SEE IT? PLEASE?
SURE.. DIDN'T MEAN TO PRY ..
13

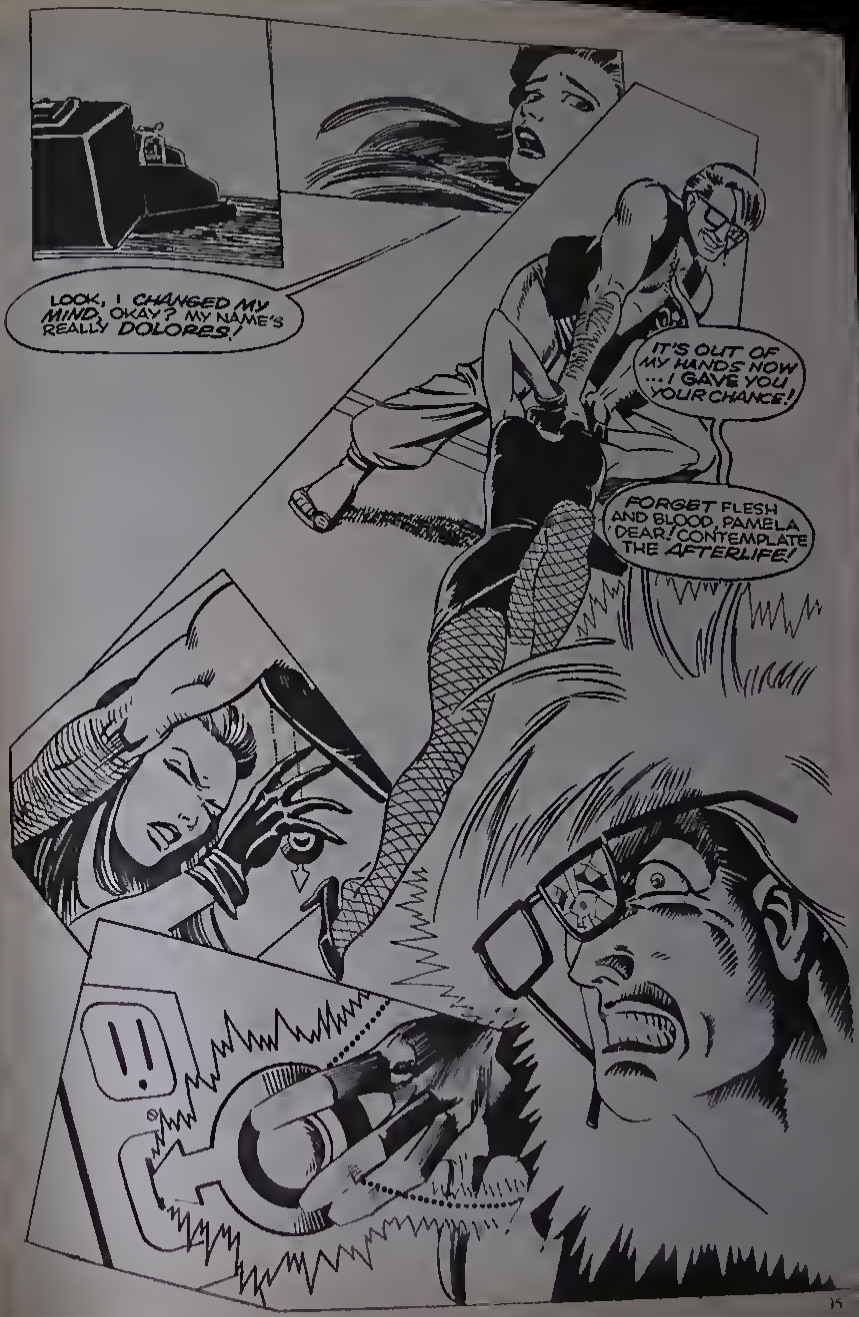
MY GOD, YOU RE ONLY MY IDOL!!
HEY, I'M SORRY! I'LL BET YOU GET THIS ALL THE TIME...
IT'S NOT THAT. . YOU SURE YOU DON'T WANT TO MEET YOUR BOYFRIEND ?
WHAT DO YOU THINK?
IT'S TIME I CHANGE...
...THEN WE CAN HAVE THAT DRINK


The striking, lean Roderick arrived with the
tense, anxious Pamela. He escorted her into his
den of pleasure. Her thighs quivered eagerly as
she lingered over each erotic symbol of his power-
ful manliness. Little did she imagine what truly
horrific fate awaited her in her quest for illicit
love! For Roderick was not the sensitive, gentle
lover she took him to be at the singles bar: he
was a brutal, heartless


I COULDN'T HELP MYSELF... I HOPE YOU'RE NOT MAD
WOULD YOU BELIEVE, PAMELA, THAT UNTIL THE AGE OF TWENTY-THREE I WAS STILL A VIRGIN ?!
IT DOESN'T MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE NOW SINCE YOU ARE STAYING...
NOT AT ALL!
YOU USED MY NAME... WHAT A COINCIDENCE !


WHAT?!! OH COME ON!
SAD BUT TRUE: I SPENT MY ADOLESCENCE BEFORE A TYPEWRITER - THIS VERY ONE! CREATING FANTASIES ABOUT G... I WAS AFRAID OF THEM, YOU SEE. BUT WRITING ...THAT WAS EXCITING FULFILLING IN A STRANGE WAY THAT NEVER COMPARED WITH REAL LIFE!
"...MY WRITING BECAME MORE EROTIC AND VIOLENT THE OLDER AND MORE FRUSTRATED I BECAME. I WAS FLUNKING OUT OF COLLEGE BECAUSE I COULDN'T WRITE A NORMAL ESSAY. THEN I DISCOVERED THE EROTICISM IN LITERATURE COURSE. THE PROFESSOR, MRS. SPINDELL, LOVED MY ESSAYS. IN FACT, SHE EXHIBITED AN UNCOMMON INTEREST IN MY WORK
TA - TAK!
KLAK! KLAK!
YES, I KNOW!
WHAT WAS THAT?
ONLY AN OMEN PAMELA DEAR. WHERE WAS I?
AHH... MRS. SPINDELL... YES, SHE TOOK TO INVITING ME INTO HER OFFICE, GOING OVER MY ESSAYS IN GREAT DEPTH, ALL THE WHILE HER HANDS ...ING OVER ME IN GREAT DEPTH! I WAS TOO NAIVE AND FRIGHTENED TO RESPOND, OF COURSE! BUT THEN ONE NIGHT SHE PAID A VISIT TO MY APARTMENT...
MRS. SPINDELL HAD INTERRUPTED ME IN THE MIDDLE OF TYPING A NEW STORY! SHE THOUGHT IT WAS AN ESSAY AND BEGAN TO READ IT... A BRUTAL AND LURID PIECE FEATURING MYSELF AND, OF COURSE MRS. SPINDELL. SHE FEIGNED INDIGNATION, BUT I KNEW BETTER, OR RATHER THE MACHINE KNEW BETTER! ...DON'T SEEM TO HAVE BLACKED OUT...
WHEN I WOKE MRS. SPINDELL WAS BESIDE ME IN BED, NAKED, RAVISHED AND UTTERLY DEAD!
YOU... YOU...?
NOT ME... THE MACHINE!

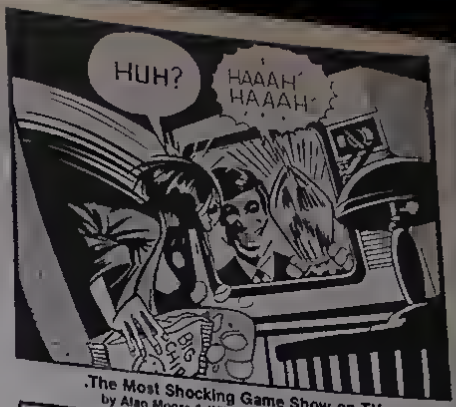

WWWWWWHHHH-AAA PPP!
THE MACHINE WROTE ALL THE NOVELS, NOT I...
..AFTER ALL THE EXPERIENCE I'D FED INTO IT.. BUT IT HAD NO BODY, SO IT USED MINE! THOSE BOOKS.. YOU SEE, AREN'T FICTION AT ALL!
IT INSTRUCTED ME TO LIVE OUT EVERY CHARACTER AND SCENE, WHILE IT RECORDED EVERYTHING ON PAPER. IT WASN'T AFRAID OF WOMEN..
BONK!


LOOK, I CHANGED MY MIND, OKAY? MY NAME'S REALLY DOLORES!
IT'S OUT OF MY HANDS NOW ... I GAVE YOU YOUR CHANCE!
FORGET FLESH AND BLOOD, PAMELA DEAR! CONTEMPLATE THE AFTERLIFE!
!

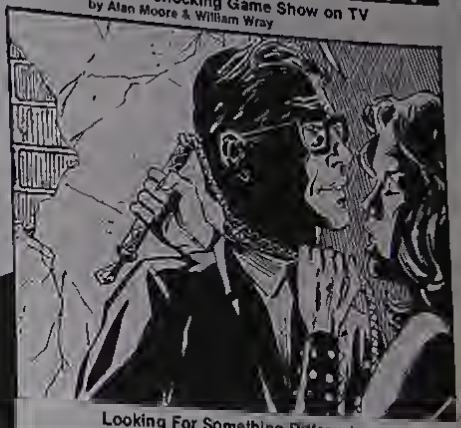
JEEZ, THAT WAS EXCITING!!
WOW! HE'S REALLY DEAD!
THE TYPEWRITER WROTE THE BOOKS?
MY PLACE, HANDSOME...
Your place or mine, doll?
...THE END

ENJOYING YOURSELF?

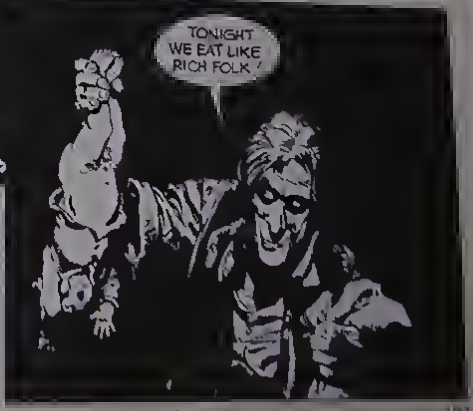
Wait till you see the next eye-popping issue of Creepy



.The Most Shocking Game Show on TV
by Alan Moore & William Wray



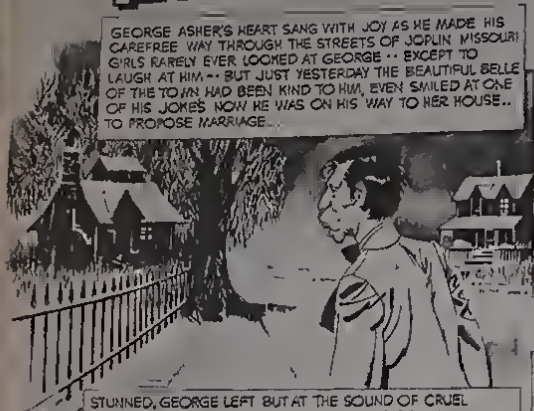
Looking For Something Different
by Stephen Perry & Joe Brozowski



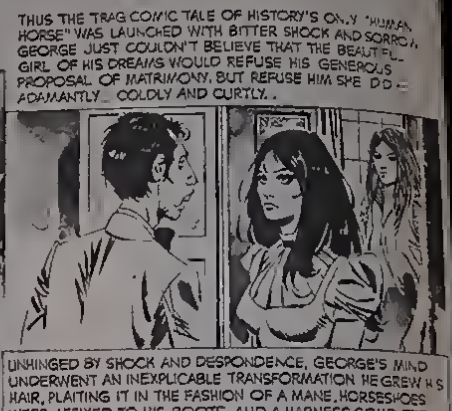
As Ye Sow
by Bruce Jones & Luis Bermejo

GREETINGS MORBID MUSERS! SINCE YOU'VE SHOWN THE GRUESOME GUTS TO PICK UP THIS NEW ISSUE OF *CREEPY*, I MIGHT AS WELL WELCOME YOU WITH THIS TWO-PAGE TRUE-STORY FEATURE WHICH SOME OF YOU LESS SENSITIVE SCARE-SEEKERS MIGHT CONSIDER HUMOROUS BUT I ASSURE YOU YOU THIS INSTALLMENT OF *CREEPY'S* LURID *LOATHSOME LORE* IS...

NO HORSE LAUGHING MATTER!



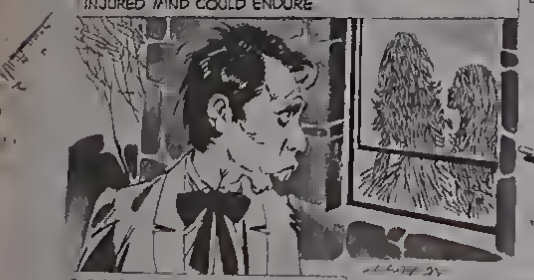
GEORGE ASHER'S HEART SANG WITH JOY AS HE MADE HIS CAREFREE WAY THROUGH THE STREETS OF JOPLIN MISSOURI GIRLS RARELY EVER LOOKED AT GEORGE -- EXCEPT TO LAUGH AT HIM -- BUT JUST YESTERDAY THE BEAUTIFUL BELLE OF THE TOWN HAD BEEN KIND TO HIM, EVEN SMILED AT ONE OF HIS JOKES NOW HE WAS ON HIS WAY TO HER HOUSE.. TO PROPOSE MARRIAGE...



THUS THE TRAGICOMIC TALE OF HISTORY'S ONLY "HUMAN HORSE" WAS LAUNCHED WITH BITTER SHOCK AND SORROW GEORGE JUST COULDN'T BELIEVE THAT THE BEAUTIFUL GIRL OF HIS DREAMS WOULD REFUSE HIS GENEROUS PROPOSAL OF MATRIMONY. BUT REFUSE HIM SHE DID -- ADAMANTLY... COLDLY AND CURTLY..

STUNNED, GEORGE LEFT BUT AT THE SOUND OF CRUEL LAUGHTER, THE GROTESQUE MAN PAUSED ALREADY SUFFERING A SEVERE BLOW TO HIS PRIDE FROM THE GIRL'S REFUSAL GEORGE PROVED UNABLE TO SUPPORT THE LAST STRAW OF OVERHEARING HIS UNREQUITED LOVE'S DERISIVE RIDICULE HE KNEW HE WAS NOT PARTICULARLY HANDSOME, BUT TO HEAR HIS BELOVED HILARIOUSLY COMPARING HIS APPEARANCE TO THAT OF A HORSE HAS MORE THAN HIS INJURED MIND COULD ENDURE

UNHINGED BY SHOCK AND DESPONDENCE, GEORGE'S MIND UNDERWENT AN INEXPLICABLE TRANSFORMATION HE GREW HIS HAIR, PLAITING IT IN THE FASHION OF A MANE. HORSESHOES WERE AFFIXED TO HIS BOOTS, AND A HARNESS COMPLETED THE NECESSITIES FOR HIS NEW ROLE AS A "LIGHT CARTING TRANSPORTER" WHINNYING LIKE A REAL HORSE, HE CLOPPED THROUGH JOPLIN, GRATEFULLY ACCEPTING SUGAR CUBES AND CARROTS FROM GIGGLING CHILDREN, AND TAKING HIS SELF-APPOINTED PLACE AT THE WATERING TROUGH WITH THE OTHER HORSES.



THE SUBJECT OF ENDLESS TALK IN THE COUNTY GEORGE ASHER -- NOW DUBBED "THE HUMAN HORSE" -- CLAIMED THAT SLEEPING IN A STALL, EATING OATS, BARLEY, BRAN AND HAY BOOSTED HIS HEALTH TO PROVE IT HE CHALLENGED ALL CART HORSES IN THE DISTRICT TO A RACE, TO THE ASTONISHMENT OF SCOFFERS, HE ACTUALLY WON SEVERAL OF THE CONTESTS FROM THEN ON GEORGE HAD MORE CARTING CUSTOMERS THAN HIS THREE OF THE REAL HORSES

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HIS OBSESSION WITH BEING A HORSE, APPARENTLY, EXTENDED TO ALL ASPECTS OF HIS LIFE. HE LIVED EXCLUSIVELY WITH OTHER HORSES, REFUSING TO ASSOCIATE WITH HUMANS OTHER THAN HIS CARTING CLIENTS. INDEED, HE KICKED ONE WOMAN IN THE FASHION OF A HORSE WHEN SHE RIDICULED HIM, AND BIT ANOTHER WHEN SHE REFUSED TO PAY HIS CARTING FEES, CLAIMING HE HAD BROKEN AN EXPENSIVE VASE.
BROUGHT TO COURT FOR THE INCIDENTS, GEORGE WON THE FIRST CASE. THE COURT RULED THAT HE HAD ACTED ONLY UNDER CONSIDERABLE PROVOCATION, AND DISMISSED THE CASE. BUT HE LOST THE SECOND CASE, AND WAS ORDERED TO PAY $25 00 DAMAGES TO COMPENSATE FOR THE BROKEN VASE AND THE WOMAN'S ASSAULTED DIGNITY
GEORGE OBEYED THE COURT, BUT DELIVERED HIS $ 25 00 FINE IN THE FORM OF A HEAVY SACK CONTAINING 2500 PENNIES. THE WOMAN DISLOCATED HER SHOULDER LIFTING THE SACK, MUCH TO GEORGE'S RESOUNDING HORSE-LAUGHS.
FIRE BROKE OUT IN GEORGE'S RESIDENT STABLES, AND HE MIRACULOUSLY AVOIDED PANICKED TRAMPLING TO RESCUE EVERY LAST HORSE. HAILED AS A HERO BY HORSEOWNERS AND THE LOCAL PRESS, GEORGE REFUTED IN A CHARACTERISTIC WHINNY: "IT WAS NOTHING. THE HORSES ARE MY ONLY FRIENDS, AND THEY WOULD HAVE DONE THE SAME FOR ME, IF THEY COULD." HE RESUMED HIS CARTING CHORES WITHOUT ANOTHER WORD.
GEORGE ASHER, THE HUMAN HORSE, FINALLY CONTRACTED PNEUMONIA AND DIED UNDER A PILE OF WET STRAW. LEADING THE SIMPLE LIFE OF A HORSE, HE HAD ACCRUED NO EXPENSES BEYOND THE COST OF FEED AND NEW HORSESHOES, AND HAD FAITHFULLY SAVED HIS YEARS OF ACCUMULATED CARTING EARNINGS. POLICE DISCOVERED SOME $12 000 IN ONE OF HIS FEEDBAGS. PERHAPS HE'D BEEN HAPPIER WITHOUT THE POTENTIAL PLEASURES IT COULD HAVE BROUGHT.

Can't Escape That Creepy Feeling?

Wait Till You Look Inside...